

The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

*Being what was Written and Published by himself in his
YOUNGER YEARS.*

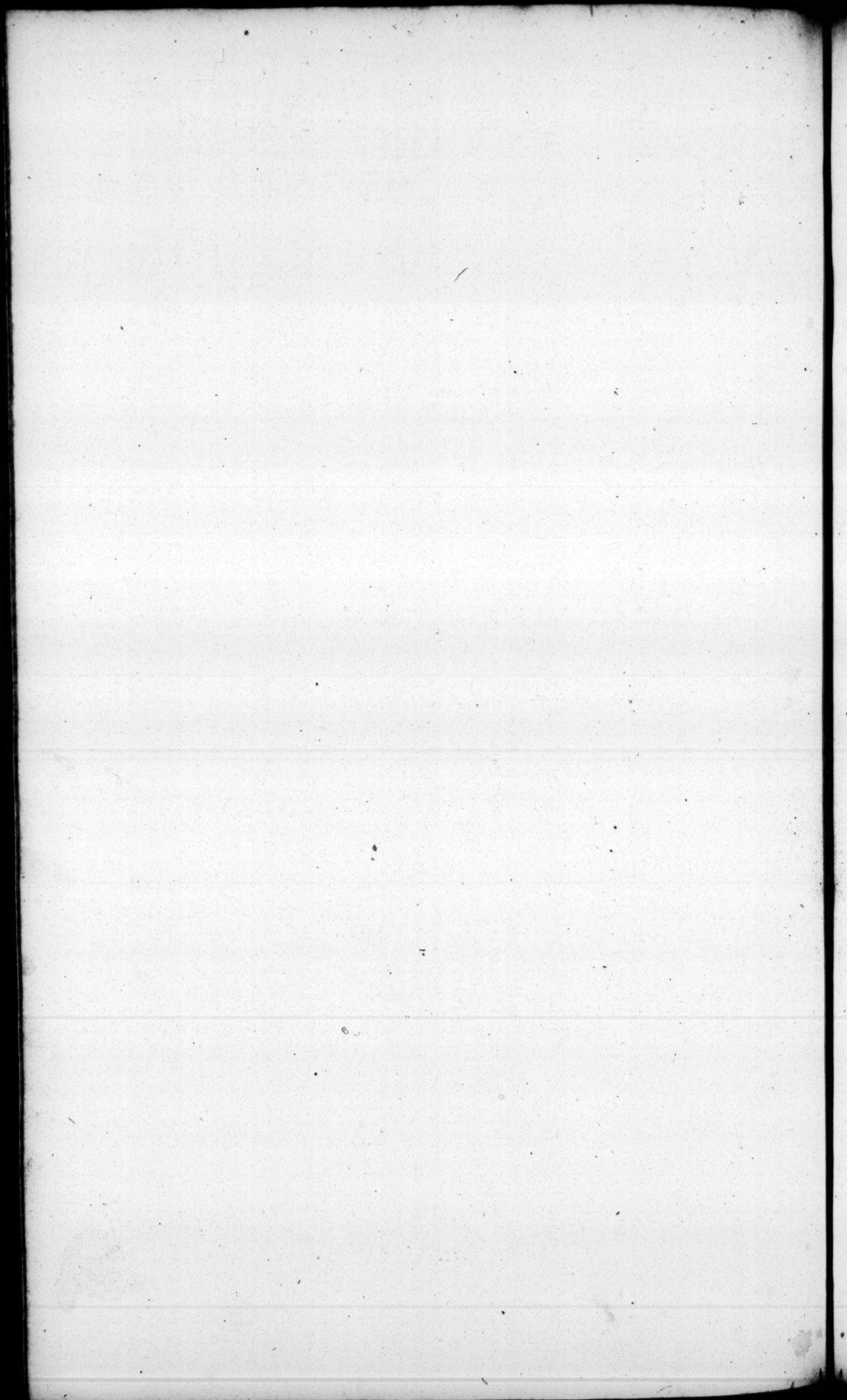
And now Reprinted together.

The Seventh Edition, With Additions.



L O N D O N :

Printed by Mary Clark, for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce
in Fleet-street. MDCC.



To the Memory of the Incomparable.

M^r. COWLEY.

I.

W^{ith} artless Hand, and much disorder'd Mind
(Pardon illustrious Man) I come,

To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find

That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb;

For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy due,

Tho courted by the understanding few,

And they sometimes officious too:

Much more is owing to thy mighty Name,

Than was perform'd by noble *Buckingham*;

He chose a place thy sacred Bones to keep

Near that, where Poets, and where Monarchs sleep:

Well did thy kind *Mecænas* mean

To thee, and to himself, and may that Tomb

Convey your mutual Praise to Ages yet to come:

But Monuments may betray their trust,

And like their Founders crumble into dust.

Were I to advise Posterity

That should at all times acceptable be,

Quickly to comprehend their great concern, (learn.

COWLEY should be the first word all their Sons should

II.

That charming Name would every Grace inspire,

Enflame their Souls with supernatural Eire,

And make them nothing, but what's truly good, admire;

Early their tender Minds would be possess'd

With glorious Images, and every Breast

Imbibe an Happiness not to be express'd:

Of these (blest Shade!) when thou wert here

An unregarded Sojourner,

Thou hadst so large a part,

That thou dost hardly more appear

Accomplish'd where thou art,

(a)

But

But that thy radiant Brow,
Encircled with an everlasting Wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er Disappointments, and o'er Death.
When with Astonishment we cast an eye
On thine amazing Infancy,
We envy Nature's Prodigality
To Thee, and only Thee,
In whom (as in old *Eden*) still were seen
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree.

III.

Herculean Vigor hadst thou when but young,
In riper years more than *Alcides* strong.
Then who shall sing thy wond'rous Song
For he that worthily would mention Thee
Should be devested of Mortality,
No meaner Offerings should he bring,
Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel sing,
Such as with chearfulness thy self hadst done,
If in thy life-time thou hadst known
So bright a Theme to write upon:
Tho thou hast sung of Heroes, and of Kings
In mighty numbers mighty things.
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)
Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking World shall once more lye
Immerst in her first Chaos of Barbarity.
A Curse now to be dreaded, for with Thee
Dy'd all the lovely Decencies of Poetry.

Tho. Flatman.

To the Memory of the Author.

TO fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the same Laws assign'd ;
Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime,
A Time to blossom, and a bearing Time :
An early Bloom to both has fatal been,
Those soonest fade, whose Verdure first was seen.
None exempted from the common Fate,
The forward C O W L E Y held a lasting Date :
For Envy's Blast and powerful Time too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long.
In whom the double Miracle was seen ;
Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green :
With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind,
The Feast of Wit and Banquet of the Mind ;
While the fair Tree transplanted to the Skies,
In Verdure with th' *Elysian* Garden vies ;
The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.

Thus faint our strongest Metaphors must be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and Thee.
Those Flowers that did in thy rich Garden smile,
Wither, transplanted to another Soil.
Thus *Orpheus* Harp that did wild Beasts command
Had lost its Force in any other Hand.
Saul's Frantick Rage harmonious sounds obey'd,
His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when *David* play'd.
The Artless since have touch'd thy sacred Lyre,
We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire.
Horace and *Virgil* where they brightest shin'd,
Prov'd but thy Oar and were by thee refin'd :
The Conqueror that from the general Flame,
Sav'd *Pindar's* Roof, deserv'd a lasting Name,
A greater Thou that didst preserve his Fame.
A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray
Dispers'd the Mists of Night, and gave him Day.
No Mists of Time can make thy Verse less bright,
Thou shin'st like *Phæbus* with unborrowed Light.
Henceforth no *Phæbus* we'll invoke but thee,
Auspicious to thy poor Survivors be !

On Mr. COWLEY'S

Who unrewarded plow the Muses Soil,
Our Labour all the Harvest of our Toil;
And in excuse of Fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only say ; * *Augustus* is expir'd.

* Written just
when King
Charles was
dead.

On Mr. COWLEY'S Juvenile P O E M S, and the
Translation of his *Plantarum*.

A P I N D A R I Q U E.

I.

W H E N young *Alcides* in his Cradle lay,
And graspt in both his Infant Hands,
Broke from the Nurses feeble Bands,
The bloody gasping Prey ;
Aloft he those first Trophies bore,
And squeezes out their pois'nous Gore :
The Women shriekt with wild Amaze,
The Men as much affrighted gaze,
But had the wise *Tiresias* come
Into the crowded Room,
With deep Prophetick Joy ;
H'had heard the Conquests of the God-like Boy,
And sung in sacred Rage
What ravenous Men and Beasts engage :
Hence he'd propitious Omens take,
And from the Triumphs of his Infancy
Protend his future Victory
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in *Lerna's* dreadful Lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, Pindar C O W L E Y sings,
And while they strike the vocal strings,
To either both new Honour brings.
But who shall now the mighty Task sustain ?
And now our *Hercules* is there,
What *Atlas* can *Olympus* bear ?
What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain ?
But 'tis a glorious Fate
To fall with such a Weight :
Tho' with unhallowed Fingers, I
Will touch the Ark, altho' I dye.

Forgive

Juvenile P O E M S, &c.

Forgive me, O thou shining Shade,
Forgive a Fault which Love has made.
Thus I my sawcy kindness mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy sacred Monument
And moisten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse, thy noble Choir,
And aim at something worthy *Pindar's* Lyre,
Within thy Breast excite the kindling Fire,
And fan it with thy Voice!
C O W L E Y does to J O V E belong,
J O V E and C O W L E Y claim my Song.
These fair first Fruits of Wit young *Cowley* bore,
Which promis'd if the happy Tree
Should ever reach Maturity,
To bless the World with better, and with more.
Thus in the Kernel of the largest Fruit,
Is all the Tree in little drawn,
The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root;
Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

IV.

Tasso, a Poet in his Infancy,
Did hardly earlier rise than thee:
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,
Or in his dawning Beams or noon-day Light.
The Muses did young C O W L E Y raise,
They stole thee from thy Nurses Arms,
Fed thee with sacred Love of Praise,
And taught thee all their Charms.
As if *Apollo's* self had been thy Sire,
They daily rockt thee on his Lyre.
Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt,
Deep as the very Reason there,
No Force from thence could Numbers tear,
Even with thy being mixt.
And there they lurk'd, till *Spencer's* sacred Flame
Leapt up and kindled thine,
Thy Thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy Soul the same,
Like his, to Honor, and to Love inclin'd,
As soft thy Soul, as great thy Mind;

On Mr. COWLEY'S POEMS.

V.

Whatever COWLEY writes must please.
Sure, like the Gods he speaks all Languages.
Whatever Theme by COWLEY'S Muse is dress'd,
Whatever he'll Essay;
Or in the softer, or the nobler way,
He still writes best.
If he ever stretch his Strings
To mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
So did *Virgil's* Heroes fight,
Such Glories wore, though not so bright.
If he'll paint his noble Fire,
Ah what Thoughts his Songs inspire.
Vigorous Love and gay Desire.
Who would not, *Cowley*! ruin'd be?
Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee?
Whether thou in th' old *Roman* dost delight,
Or *English*, full as strong, to write.
Thy Master-strokes in both are shown,
COWLEY in both excells alone,
Virgil of theirs, and *Waller* of our own.

VI.

But why should the soft Sex be robb'd of thee?
Why should not *England* know,
How much she does to COWLEY owe?
How much fair *Boscobel's* for ever sacred Tree?
The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods,
The Fields, the Meadows and the Floods,
The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets use,
To Court a Mortal or a Muse?
It shall be done. But who? ah who shall dare,
So vast a Toil to undergo,
And all the Worlds just censure bear,
Thy Strength, and their own Weakness show?
Mrs. A. Behn. Soft *Afra* who had led our Shepherds long,
Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide,
Our Envy, her own Sexes Pride,
When all her Force on this great Theme she'd try'd,
She strain'd awhile to reach th' inimitable Song,
She strain'd awhile, and wisely dy'd.
Those who survive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poësie,
With Joy they sacrifice their Fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

The Booksellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquir'd after and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, tho it hath been five times printed) we thought this sixth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the Propriety of this Copy belong'd not to the same Person that publish'd those: but the Reception they had found appears by the several Impressions thro' which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in Obscurity. We presume the *Author's Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of Modesty) give them no small Character. His Words are in Page 6. of his *Preface* before his former publish'd Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his several *Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose*, in the 11th *Discourse* treating of himself, pag. 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his Mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his *Latest Years*, the Bud and Bloom of his *Spring*, the Warmth of his *Summer*, the Richness and Perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further Curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, published by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Readers Satisfaction, we have endeavour'd to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Author's Monument.

Your humble Servants.

T O T H E

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God

J O H N

L^d Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Westminster*.

M Y L O R D,

I Might well fear, lest these my rude
and unpolisht Lines should offend
your Honourable Survey; but that I
hope your Nobleness will rather smile
at the Faults committed by a Child,
than censure them. Howsoever I de-
sire your Lordship's Pardon, for pre-
senting things so unworthy to your
View, and to accept the Good will of
him who in all Duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most Humble Servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

T O

To the R E A D E R.

R Eader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blam'd in mine, what commends other Fruits, Earliness: others, who are either of a weak Faith, or strong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blow'd in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, That 'tis an envious Frost that nips the Blossoms because they appear quickly: to the latter, That he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder another's Fame: to both, That it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small Fire I have is rather blown than extinguish'd by this Wind. For the Itch of Poesie by being angred increases, by rubbing, spreads further; which appears in that I have ventur'd on this Fourth Edition. What tho it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been imploy'd by Cooks and Grocers. If in all Mens Judgments it suffer Shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute Unbelievers: which is, That as mine Age, and consequently Experience, (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a Pardon may easily be gotten for the Errors of ten years of Age. My *Constantia* and *Philetus* confesses me two years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several Occasions, and perhaps do not bely time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your Hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my Labour in composing them. Farewel.

Abraham Cowley.

To the R E A D E R.

I.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE,
And told her what sad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,
Tho' wont in Mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful Lines, then know
My Muse with Tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my unabler Quill did guide,
Her briny Tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal Numbers be espy'd,
Oh Reader! do not that my Error call,
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muses Grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

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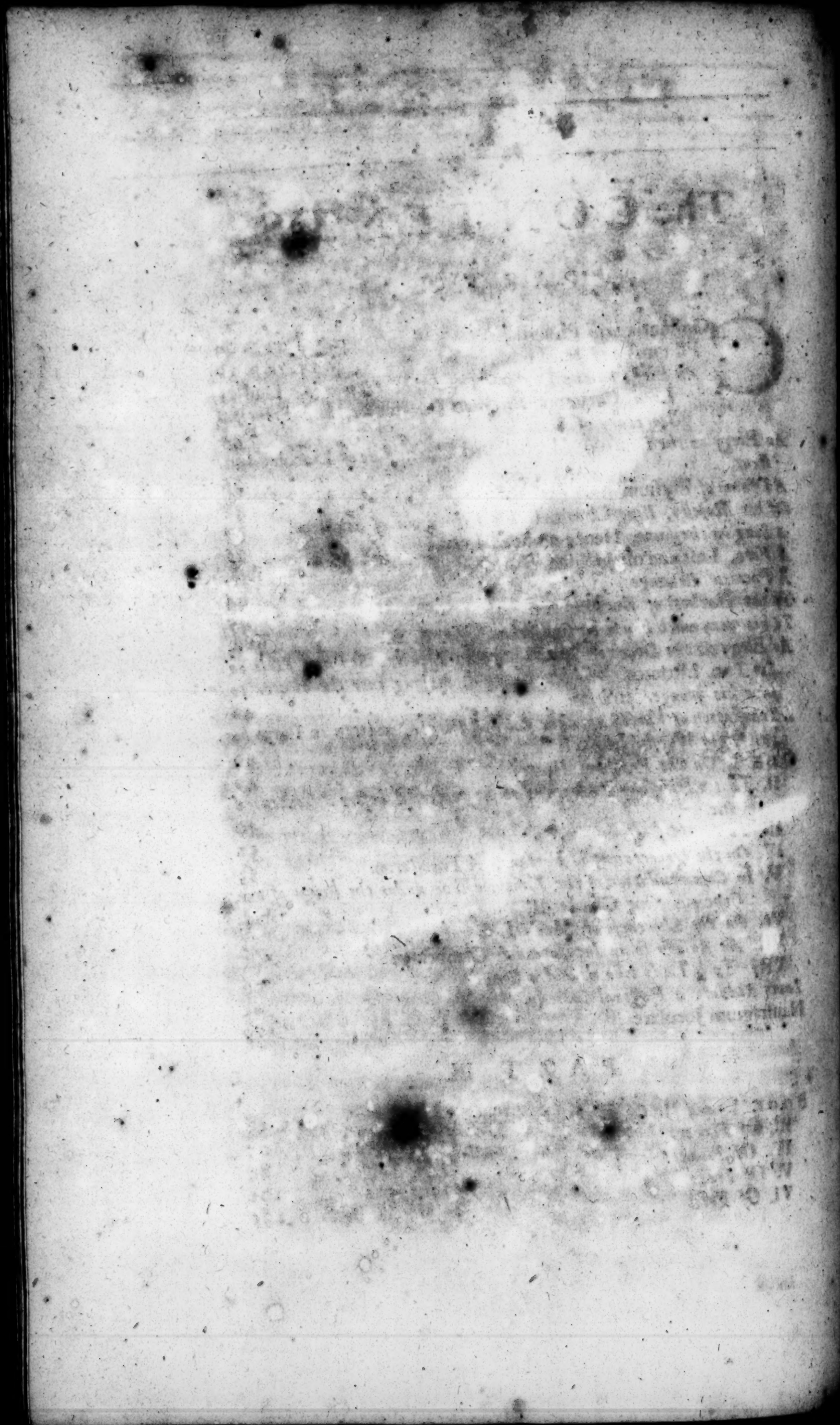
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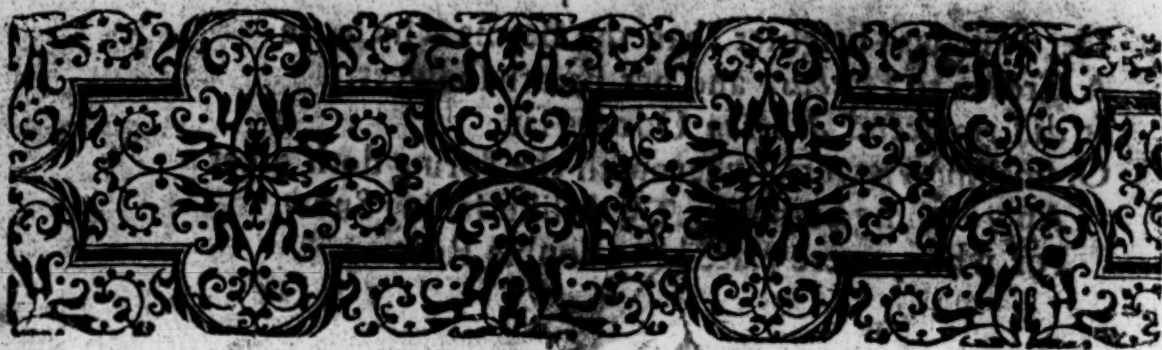
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CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I Sing two constant Lovers various Fate,
The Hopes and Fears that equally attend
Their Loves: their Rivals Envy, Parents Hate,
I sing their woful Life, and tragic End.
Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearse
This Mournful Tale, and favour every Verse.

2.
In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Sky,
There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the Beauty of all *Italy*.
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn,
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form.

3.
And framing her attractive Eyes so bright,
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might
Keep Earth from *Chaos* and eternal Night;
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious Light,
Expect not Beauty then, since she did part,
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

B

4 Her

4.

Her Hair was brighter than the Beams which are
 A Crown to *Phæbus*, and her Breath so sweet,
 It did transcend *Arabian* Odours far,
 Or smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
 Approaching Summer, Teeth like falling Snow
 For white, were placed in a double Row.

5.

Her Wit excelling Praise, ev'n all admire,
 Her Speech was so attractive it might be
 A cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* Ire,
 And stir up Envy from that Deity.
 The Maiden Lillies at her sight
 Wax'd pale with Envy, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high
 As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
 And to her vertuous Minds Nobility
 The Gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;
 That in her spotless Soul and lovely Face
 You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

7.

The Scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her Desire,
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor
 And Rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* Fire.
 The glorious Beams of her fair Eyes did move,
 And light Beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Among her many Suitors, a young Knight
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty
 Of her fair Presence, presseth most in sight ;
 Yet seldom his Desire can satisfy
 With that blest Object, or her Rareness see ;
 For Beauty's Guard is watchful Jealousie.

9.

Oft times, that he might see his Dearest Fair,
 Upon his stately Jennet he in th' way
 Rides by her House, who neigghe, as if he were
 Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.
 But his poor Master, tho he see her move
 His Joy, dares shew no Look betraying Love.

10.

Soon as the Morning left her roſie Bed,
 And all Heaven's ſmaller Lights were driv'n away :
 She by her Friends and near Acquaintance led,
 Like other Maids, would walk at Break of day :
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a Sight unknown,
 To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her Train,
 And where they go, that way his Journey feigns.
 Should they turn back, he would turn back again ;
 For with his Love his Buſineſs ſtill remains.
 Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
 From her, whoſe Eyes had ſtole away his Heart.

12.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a Race
 Of Noble Anceſtors ; but greedy *Time*
 And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
 The Glory which in his great Stock did ſhine ;
 Small his Eſtate, unfitting her Degree,
 But blinded Love could no ſuch Difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit this Heart aright,
 And dipt his Arrow in *Constantia's* Eyes,
 Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
 Unleſs ſuch Flames within her Heart ſhould riſe.
 But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
 Tho he have ſhot him right, her Heart he'll miſs.

14.

Unto Love's Altar therefore he repairs,
 And offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice ;
 Intreating *Cupid*, with inducing Prayers,
 To look upon and eaſe his Miſeries :
 Where having, recovering Breath again,
 Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

15.

Oh mighty Cupid ! whoſe unbounded Sway
 Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
 Whom all Celeſtial Deities obey,
 Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear !
 Oh force *Constantia's* Heart to yield to Love,
 Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece 'twill prove.

B 2

16. And

16.

*And let me not Affection vainly spend,
 But kindle Flames in her like those in me ;
 Yet if that Gift my Fortune doth transcend,
 Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.
 For ever view those Eyes, whose charming Light
 More than the World besides does please my Sight.*

17.

*Those who condemn thy sacred Deity,
 Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know,
 I faultless am, what Honour can it be,
 Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.
 Here Tears and Sighs speak his imperfect Moan,
 In Language far more moving than his own.*

18.

*Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
 Just like a Ship while every mounting Wave,
 Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
 Threatens the Mariner with a gaping Grave ;
 Such did his Case, such did his State appear,
 Alike distracted between Hope and Fear.*

19.

*Thinking her Love he never shall obtain,
 One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
 Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
 And thus fond Eccho answers him again.
 It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
 Dewing the verdant Grass with many a Tear.*

The ECCHO.

I.

O*H! what hath caus'd my killing Miseries ?
 EYES, Eccho said. What hath detain'd my Ease ?
 EASE, strait the reasonable Nymph replies ;
 That nothing can my troubled Mind appease ;
 PEACE, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh ?
 Philetus said ; She quickly utters, I.*

II. *Is't*

II.

Is't Eccho answers ? tell me then thy Will :
I WILL, she said. What shall I get (says he)
By loving still ? to which she answers, ILL.
Ill ? shall I void of wish'd for Pleasures die ?
I. Shall not I who toil in ceaseless Pain,
Some Pleasure know ? NO, she returns again.

III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou ly'st (said he)
THOU LY'ST, she said. And I deserv'd her Hate,
If I should thee believe. BELIEVE, said she.
For why ? thy Words are of no Weight.
WEIGHT, she answers. Therefore I'll depart.
To which, resounding Eccho answers, PART.

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded Heart he goes,
 Filling with Legions of fresh Thoughts his Mind :
 He quarrels with himself, because his Woes
 Spring from himself, yet can no Med'cine find :
 He weeps to quench those Fires that burn in him,
 But Tears do fall to th' Earth, Flames are within.

21.

No Morning banish'd Darkness, nor black Night
 By her alternate Course expell'd the Day,
 In which *Philetus* by a constant Rite
 At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray ;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his Pain,
 But Care and Sorrow was his only Gain.

22.

But now at last the pitying God, o'ercome
 By constant Votes and Tears, fix'd in her Heart
 A golden Shaft, and she is now become
 A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart
 He'd wound *Philetus*, does with Tears implore
 Aid from that Power she so much scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* Heart
 In her scorch'd Breast, because, her own she gave
 To him. Since either suffers equal Smart,
 And a like Measure in their Torments have :
 His Soul, his Grievs, his Fires, now hers are grown :
 Her Heart, her Mind, her Love is his alone.

24. While

24.

Whilst Thoughts 'gainst Thoughts rise up in Mutiny,
 She took a Lute (being far from any Ears)
 And tun'd his Song, posing that Harmony
 Which Poets attribute to Heavenly Spheres.

Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,
 She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

The S O N G.

I.

TO whom shall I my Sorows show?
 Not to Love, for he is blind:
 And my Philetus doth not know
 The inward Torment of my Mind.
 And all the senseless Walls which are
 Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they sure would weep,
 And with my Griefs relent:
 Unless their willing Tears they keep,
 Till I from Earth am sent.
 Then I believe they'll all deplore
 My Fate, since I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my store,
 If the Flood would land thy Love,
 My dear PHILETUS on the shore
 Of my Heart; but shouldst thou prove
 Afraid of Flames, know the Fires are
 But Bonfires for thy coming there.

25.

Then Tears in Envy of her Speech did flow
 From her fair Eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning Flame had melted Hills of Snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a Tear;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new Serpent Griefs to grow.

26. Here

26.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite
Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
Like her, a Flood, and so not see to write
Such Lines as I, and th' Age requires, to keep
Me from stern Death, or with victorious Rhime,
Revenge their Masters Death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, Chance and his own Industry
Had help'd *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view :
And, as time serv'd, shew her his Misery :
This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering State,
He said ; *How shall I thank thee for this Gain,*
O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my Sorrows, all my Pain ?
What Husbandman would any Pains refuse,
To reap at last such Fruit, his Labours use ?

29.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful State,
Seeing his Griets link'd, like an endless Chain,
To following Woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
Quench his hot Flames, and idle Love disdain.
But *Cupid*, when his Heart was set on fire,
Had burnt his Wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their Amities,
And in that League, so strictly joined were ;
That Death it self could not their Friendship sever,
But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad ;
If one be sick, the other's surely ill ;
And if *Philetus* any Sorrow had,
Philocrates was Partner in it still :
Pylades Soul and mad *Orestes* was
In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind:
 With speaking Tears his Grievs he doth declare,
 And with sad Sighs instructs the angry *Wind*
 To sigh, and did even upon that prevail,
 It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful Tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks, which gently run between
 The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
 Giving a Colour to the verdant Grass:
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful State,
 In shew of Grief ran murm'ring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel answers him again and shews,
 In her best Language her sad History,
 And in a mournful Sweetness tells her Woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in Misery:
Constantia he, the *Terens*, *Terens* cries,
 With him both Grief, and Grief's Expression vies.

35.

Philocrates must needs his Sadness know,
 Willing in Ills, as well as Joys to share,
 Nor will on them the Name of Friends bestow,
 Who in light Sport, not Sorrow Partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise,
 Is guilty both of Sin and Cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his Malady,
 He watches him in hope to cure his Sore,
 By Counsel, and recall the pois'nous Dart,
 When it, alas, was fixed in his Heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for Care,
 He to himself did his past Grievs recite,
 Th' obsequious Friend strait follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight,
 Who thus exclaims; for a swoln Heart would break,
 If it for vent of Sorrow might not speak.

38. Oh!

38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Wood,
 But in loves pathless Labyrinth, there I
 My health, each Joy and Pleasure counted good
 Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I staid, but yet have no relief,
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown,
 Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 And I have fear'd, to make my sorrows known.
 For why alas, if she should once but dart
 Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how should she, ere I impart my Love,
 Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;
 Why, he who hath all sorrows born before,
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)
 My dear Philetus be thyself, and swear
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,
 And all thy reason; but if it can't be,
 Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show,
 It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:
 These doubts like Scylla and Charybdis stand,
 While Cupid a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seek, said he,
 T' excuse my self, dearest Philocrates;
 That I from thee have hid this secrecie?
 Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
 My case with words, my grief you should have known
 Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

44.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
 From two bright Suns which do all light disclose;
 First kindling in my breast the flame desire,
 But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose
 From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,
 Which now this torment in my Soul doth move.*

45.

*Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,
 Nor let my choice offend you, or detain.
 Your ancient Friendship; 'tis, alas, too late
 To call my firm affection back again:
 No Physick can recure my weak'ned state,
 The wound is grown, too great, too desperate.*

46.

*But Counsel, said his Friend, a remedy
 Which never fails the Patient, may at least
 If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
 Assuage your torment and procure some rest.
 But there is no Physician can apply
 A Medicine ere he know the Malady.*

47.

*Then hear me, said Philatus; but why? Stay,
 I will not toil thee with my History,
 For to remember Sorrows past away,
 Is to renew an old Calamity.
 He who acquainteth others with his moan,
 Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.*

48.

*But said Philocrates, 'tis best in woe,
 To have a faithful partner of their care;
 That burthen may be undergone by two,
 Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
 I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
 Your thoughts, and tax you of Inconstancy.*

49.

*What shall he do? or with what Language frame
 Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
 But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,
 With that, as Prologue to his Tragedy,
 He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,
 When they alas, did blow the raging fire.*

50.

When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
To sport with catching snare that love had set,
Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachne's* net :
Even so I sported with her Beauties light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,
'Twas easie to repel it; but as fire,
Tho but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher ;
Which so have scorch'd my Love-struck Soul, that I
Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

VWho is it, said *Philocrates*, can move
VWith charming eyes such deep affection?
I may perhaps assist you in your love ;
Two can effect more than your self alone.
My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,
Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
Like *Nilus*, when it scorns th' opposed shore :
Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,
Is to my flame an oyl that feeds it more.
So Fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,
That lightens all those which are put therein.

54.

But being you desire to know her, she
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keepers name) *Constantia* ; more
Grief would not let him utter ; *Tears the best*
Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all! VWhat e'er your grief would ease
Tho a far greater task, believ't for thee
It should be soon done by *Philocrates* ;
Think all you wish perform'd, but see, the day
Tyr'd with its heat is hastning now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go,
 But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
 What in the day he fears of future woe,
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
 Why do'st thou vex him, Love cou'dst thou but see,
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philocrates pitying his doleful mone,
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
 Or by her liking, his wish'd Joys attain.

58.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
 Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,
 These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,
 Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes.
 And do not you condemn that ardent flame,
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
 Am forc'd to show't, such is my inward smart,
 And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
 To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
 Then since it only in your power doth lie
 To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
 I for your pain am grieved, and would do
 Without impeachment of my Chastity
 And honor, any thing might pleasure you.
 But if beyond those limits you demand,
 I must not answer (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my desire
 Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
 No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
 Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:
 But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
 Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62. Oh!

62.

Oh ! How shall I reply (she cry'd) thou'lt won
My soul, and therefore take thy Victory :
Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'come,
And if I should deny thee love, then I
Should be Tyrant to my self ; that fire
Which is kept close, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now,
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,
And pleading beauty did my liking move,
Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh ! I am wrapt above the reach, said he,
Of thought, my Soul already feels the bliss
Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I lose all happiness
Is wisht for : both your favour here, and dead,
May the just gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)
Constantia's Father entred in the room,
When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his state,
Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun :
Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,
To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty Prisoner fearful stands
Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows.
Such was his state to see her Father come,
Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' intrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd Daughter there
Till he had given him such authority :
But to depart, since she her love did shew him
Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68. This

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,
 And by some Letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

The LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love;
 For were there any means to see you, I
 Would run through Death, and all the misery
 Fate could inflict, that so the World might say,
 In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.
 Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence part
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others heart;
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 From all our labours, and our industries
 The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet
 Before he taste the Winter, none can say,
 Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.
 So when we once have wasted Sorrows night,
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her state
 Most happy by *Philetus* Constancy,
 And perfect Love: she thanks her flattering Fate,
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

C O N.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

YOur absence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy.
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto
 Another, what to your true Love is due.
 My heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
 Nor have I power to take it back again.
 There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline :
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
 Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

Constantia.

70.

Oh ! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride !
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
 When he did *Phæbus* flaming Chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the danger was to come.
 Prouder than *Jason*, when from *Colchos* he
 Returned with the *Fleeces* Victory.

71.

But ere the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer ;
 And by the Fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear,
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
 Where they this means't enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
 T' enjoy our loves, Oh let us not resign
 This long'd for favour, nor our selves bereave
 Of what we wish'd for opportunity,
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his Custom is,
 For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where
 We may depart in safety, and no more
 With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.

74. To

74.

To this the happy Lovers soon agree;
 But ere they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
 From her enchanting voices melody,
 One Song to satisfy his longing ear:
 She yields; and singing, added to desire;
 The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The S O N G.

I.

Time flie with greater speed away,
 Add feathers to thy wings,
 Till thy haste in flying brings
 That wist for and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then shall see,
 Tho at first it darkened be,
 With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then tho Deaths sad night appear,
 And we in lonely silence rest;
 Our ravi'sh'd Souls no more shall fear,
 But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
 Nor no new death extend its power;
 Thus there's nothing can dis sever,
 Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
 But ere they part she willingly doth give
 (As faithful pledges of her constant love)
 Many a soft Kiss, then they each other leave,
 Wrapt up with secret joy that they have found
 A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76. But

76.

But e'er the Sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming Beauty had o'ercome
Guisardo's Heart, and scorn'd Affection won,
 Her Eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
 Shot through his wounded Heart such hot Desire,
 As nothing but her Love could quench the Fire.

77.

In Roofs which Gold and *Parian* Stone adorn
 (Proud as the Owners Mind) he did abound,
 In Fields so fertile for their yearly Corn,
 As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* Ground;
 But in his Soul, that should contain the Store
 Of surest Riches, he was base and poor.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
 By her Friends to love, sometimes they did intreat
 With gentle Speeches, and mild Courtesie,
 Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
 But Love too deep was seated in her Heart
 To be worn out with Thought of any Smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
 To seek for Sport, and hunt the started Game;
Guisardo and *Philocrates* were there,
 With many Friends, too tedious here to name.
 With them *Constantia* went, but not to find
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they
 Pursue their Game, *Philetus*, who was late
 Hid in a Thicket, carries strait away
 His Love, and hastens his own hasty Fate,
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun,
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

82.

Constantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
 Take each a several Course, and by curst Fate
Guisardo runs, with a Love-carried Pace
 Towards them, who little knew their woful State:
Philetus, like bold *Icarus*, soaring high
 To Honours, found the depth of Misery.

82.

For when *Guifardo* sees his Rival there,
 Swelling with envious Rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such Fortune did not fear,
 And with his Sword a way to's Heart does find.
 But e'er his Spirits were possess'd of Death,
 In these few Words he spent his latest Breat

83.

O see *Constantia*, my short Race is run,
 See how my Blood the thirsty Ground doth die,
 But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
 And when I'm dead, think sometimes upon me.
 More my short time permits me not to tell,
 For now Death seizeth me, My dear farewell.

84.

As soon as he had spoke these Words, Life fled
 From his pierc'd Body, whilst *Constantia* she
 Kisses his Cheeks that lose their lively red,
 And become pale and wan, and now each Eye
 Which was so bright, is like, when Life was done,
 A Star that's faln, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driv'n by Fate,
 And saw his Friend lie bleeding on the Earth;
 Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister sate,
 Her Eyes shed Tears, her Heart to Sighs gave birth.
Philocrates when he saw this did cry,
 Friend, I'll revenge or bear thee company.

86.

Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this Fate,
 Nay, stay *Guifardo*, think not Heav'n in jest,
 'Tis vain to hope Flight can secure thy state;
 Then thrust his Sword into the Villain's Breast.
 Here, said *Philocrates*, thy Life I send
 A Sacrifice, to appease my slaughter'd Friend.

87.

But as he fell, Take this Reward, said he,
 For thy new Victory: with that he flung
 His darted Rapier at his Enemy,
 Which hit his Head, and in his Brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but lifting up his Eyes,
 Farewel *Constantia*, that Word said, he dies.

88.

What shall she do ? she to her Brother runs,
His cold and lifeless Body does embrace ;
She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans,
And with her Kisses warms his clammy Face.

*My dear Philocrates, she weeping cries,
Speak to thy Sister ; but no Voice replies.*

89.

Then running to her Love with many a Tear,
Thus her Minds fervent Passion she exprest,
O stay (blest Soul) stay but a little here,
And take me with you to a lasting Rest.

*Then to Elysiums Mansions both shall flie,
Be married there, and never more to die.*

90.

But seeing 'em both dead ; she cry'd, Ah me,
Ah my *Philetus* ! for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst die :
I'll follow thee, and not thy Loss deplore,
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain :
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued Fame.

*Then piercing her sad Breast, I come, she cries,
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping Eyes.*

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal Rest,
Her Father comes, and seeing this he falls
To th' Earth, with Grief to great to be exprest :
Whose doleful Words my tired Muse me calls
T'o'erpass, which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much the *Readers Ear*.

F I N I S.

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THE
Tragical History
OF
PIRAMUS
AND
THISBE.

The Seventh Edition.

Enlarged by the AUTHOR.

— *Fit Surculus Arbor.*



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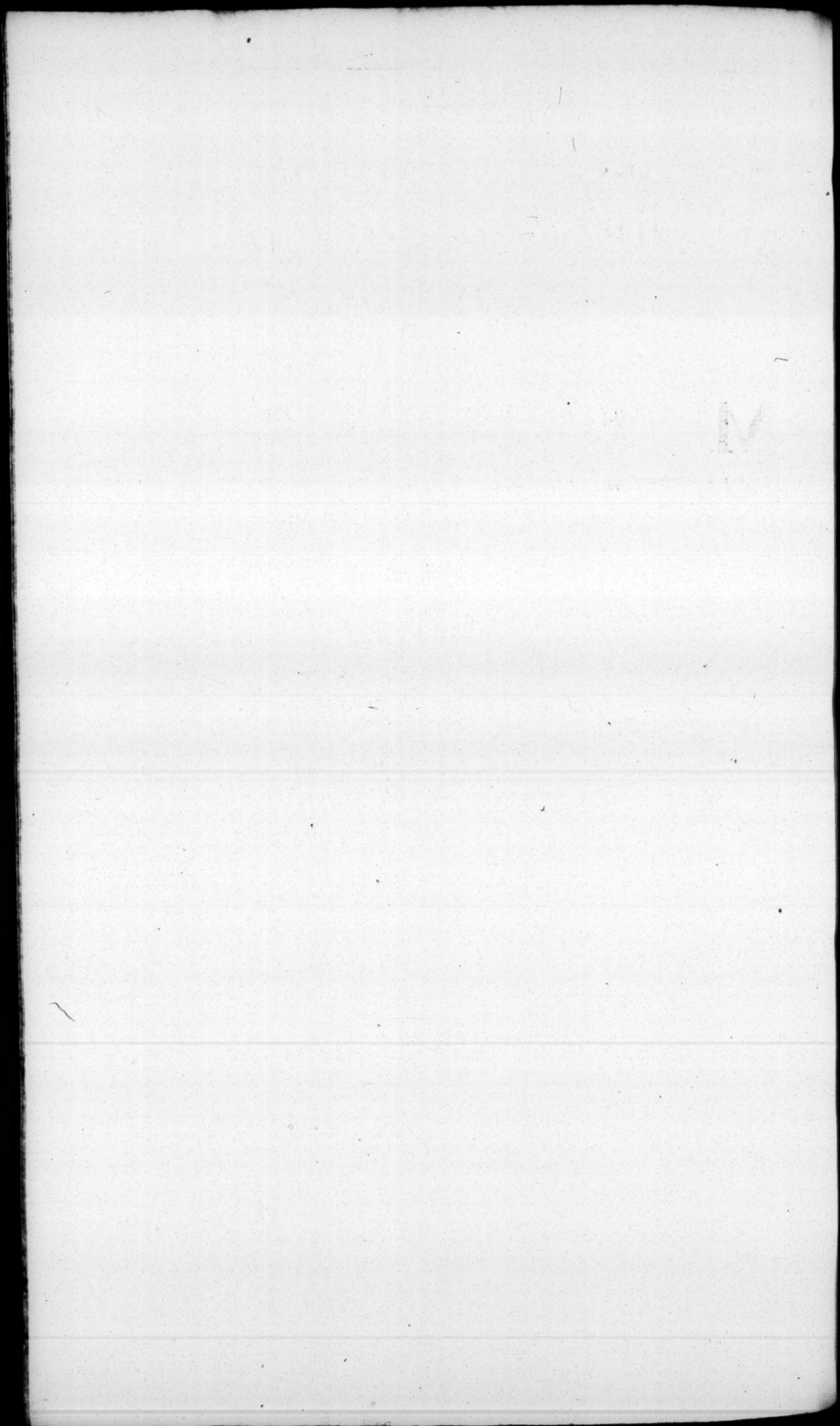
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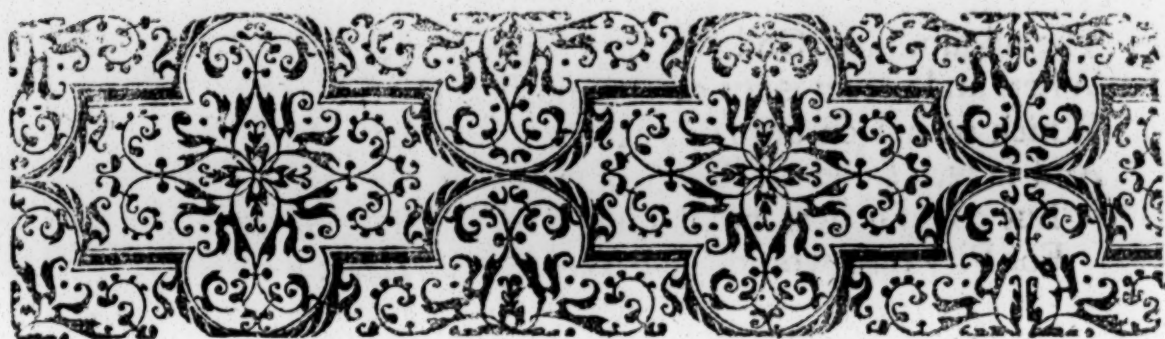
M*Y childish Muse is in her Spring ; and yet
Can only shew some budding of her Wit.
One Frown upon her VVork (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like some unkind Storm shot from your Brow,
Would turn her Spring to with'ring Autumnstime,
And make her Blossoms perish e'er their Prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auspicious Alpha can descry :
How soon will they grow Fruit : How fresh appear,
That had such Beams their Infancy to chear :
Which being sprung to Ripeness, expect then
The earliest Offering of her grateful Pen.*

Your most Dutiful Scholar

ABR. COWLEY.

THE





THE
 Tragical History
 OF
 PIRAMUS
 AND
 THISBE.

I.

WHEN *Babylon's* high Walls erected were
 By mighty *Ninus* Wife ; two Houses join'd.
 One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Piramus* the Fair
 In th'other : Earth ne'r boasted such a Pair.
 The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd,
 And grew in one, just like their Masters Mind.

2.

Thisbe all other Women did excell,
 The Queen of Love, less lovely was than she :
 And *Piramus* more sweet than Tongue can tell,
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
 But *Venus* envying they so fair should be,
 Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his Cruelty.

E

3. The

3.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart,
 Which he unseen unto their Hearts did send,
 And so was Love the Cause of Beauties End.
 But could he see, he had not wrought their Smart :
 For Pity sure would have o'ercome his Heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in the Net is ta'en,
 By struggling more entangles in the Gin ;
 So they who in Love's Labyrinth remain,
 With striving never can a Freedom gain.
 The way to enter's broad ; but being in,
 No Art, no Labour can an *Exit* win.

5.

These Lovers, tho their Parents did reprove
 Their Fires, and watch'd their Deed with Jealousie,
 Tho in these Storms no Comfort can remove
 The various Doubts and Fears that cool hot Love :
 Tho he not hers, nor she his Face could see,
 Yet this cannot abolish Love's Decree.

6.

For Age had crack'd the Wall which them did part,
 This the unanimate Couple soon did spy,
 And here their inward Sorrows did impart,
 Unlading the sad Burthen of their Heart.
 Tho Love be blind, this shews he can descry
 A way to lessen his own Misery.

7.

Oft to the friendly Cranny they resort,
 And feed themselves with the Celestial Air
 Of odoriferous Breath ; no other Sport
 They could enjoy, yet think the time but short :
 And wish that it again renewed were,
 To suck each others Breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate,
 And sometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove* ;
 Sometimes repent their Flames : but all too late ;
 The Arrow could not be recall'd their State
 Was first ordain'd by *Jupiter* above,
 And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9. They

9.

They curs'd the Wall that did their Kisses part,
 And to the Stones their mournful Words they sent,
 As if they saw the Sorrow of their Heart,
 And by their Tears could understand their Smart :
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
 Nor with their Sighs (alas!) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said ; *Curs'd Wall, O why*
Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true Love
Breaks thorough all thy flinty Cruelty :
For both our Souls so closely joined lie,
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And tho he part them, yet they'll meet above.

11.

Abortive Tears from their fair Eyes out-flow'd,
 And damm'd the lovely Splendor of their Sight,
 Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
 O'erspreads his Face, and his bright Beams doth shroud.
 Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquer'd Light,
 And forceth them (tho loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.

But e'er *Aurora*, Usher to the Day,
 Began with welcome Lustre to appear,
 The Lovers rise, and at the Cranny they
 Thus to each other, their Thoughts open lay,
 With many a Sigh and many a speaking Tear,
 Whose Grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) how long shall we
 Like fairest Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime,
 Waste precious Youth, and let Advantage flee,
 Till we bewail (at last) our Cruelty
 Upon our selves, for Beauty, tho it shine
 Like Day, will quickly find an Evening time.

14.

Therefore (sweet *Thisbe*) let us meet this Night
 At *Ninus Tomb* without the City Wall,
 Under the Mulberry-tree, with Berries white
 Abounding, there enjoy our wisht Delight:
 For mounting Love stopt in its Course doth fall,
 And long'd for, yet untasted, Joy kills all.

E 2

15. What

15.

What tho our cruel Parents angry be ?
 What tho our Friends (alas!) are too unkind ?
 Time that now offers quickly may deny,
 And soon hold back fit opportunity.

*Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find
 Occasion once past by, is bald behind.*

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little Wooing needs where both consent ;
 What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd :
 Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
 And many a charming accent to her sent,
 That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
 Striving to close those Eyes that make her bright ;
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t' eclipse the Sun,
 Whence all her Splendor, all her Beams do come :
 So she, who fetcheth Lustre from their Sight,
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious Light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thibe* came ;
 Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
 Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
 Whilst various Thoughts turmoil her troubled Brain :
 And imitating thus the Silver Swan,
A little while before her Death she sang.

The S O N G.

I.

Come Love, why stayest thou ? the Night
 Will vanish e'er we taste Delight :
 The Moon obscures her self from sight,
 Thou absent, whose Eyes give her Light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
 Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,
 Loves Joy's thine own, as well as mine,
 Spend not therefore the Time in vain.

19. Here

19.

Here doubtful Thoughts broke off her pleasant *Song*,
And for her Lovers stay sent many a Sigh,
Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,
And that his Absence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt Longing Hope and Jealousie,
She fears, yet's loth to tax his Loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes that Danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
Numberless Thoughts, which on her Heart did fling
Fears, that her future Fate too truly sing.

21.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the Wood
An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
Near to that place; who coming from his Food,
His Chaps were all besmear'd with crimson Blood:
Swifter than Thought, sweet *Thisbe* strait begins
To fly from him, Fear gave her Swallows Wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her Desire
Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
And be devour'd by the stern Lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd Fire;
But Fear expels all Reasons, she doth run
Into a darksome Cave, ne'r seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:
Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
With bloody Teeth he tore in pieces small,
Whilst *Thisbe* ran and look'd not back at all.
For could the senseless Beast her Face descry,
It had not done her such an Injury.

24.

The Night half wasted *Piramus* did come;
Who seeing printed in the yielding Sand
The Lion's Paw, and by the Fountain some
Of *Thisbe's* Garment, Sorrow struck him dumb:
Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.

25. Reco-

25.

Recovering Breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
 Washing with Tears the torn and bloody Weed :
 I may, said he, my self for her Death blame,
 Therefore my Blood shall wash away that Shame :
*Since she is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed
 All that frail Man can either hear or read.*

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said ;
*Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due Debt
 Unto thy Constant Love to which 'tis paid :
 I strait will meet thee in the pleasant Shade
 Of cool Elyfium ; where we being met,
 Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.*

27.

Then through his Breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair.
 And as upon the colour'd Ground he lies,
 His Blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries* :
 With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she
 Was bound by Promise for to meet him there :
 But when she saw the Berries changed were
 From white to black, she knew not certainly
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what Delight through the dark Cave she came,
 Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast ;
 But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,
 Ah ! how perplext did her sad Soul remain :
 She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast,
 And every sign of raging Grief exprest.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and strives to take
 His bleeding Body from the moistned Ground.
 She kisses his pale Face till she doth make
 It red with Kissing, and then seeks to wake
 His parting Soul with mournful Words, his wound
 Washes with Tears, that her sweet Speech confound.

31. But

31.

But afterwards recovering Breath, said she,
Alas ! what Chance hath parted Thee and I ?
O tell what Evil hath befalln to thee,
That of thy Death I may a Partner be :
Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this Tragedy.
He hearing *Thisbe's* Name, lifts up his Eye.

32.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying Head :
Where striving long for Breath, at last said he,
O Thisbe, I am hasting to the Dead,
And cannot heal that Wound my Fear hath made :
Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from thee.

33.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in wo.
What shall she do ? How shall she ease her Heart ?
Or with what Language speak her inward Smart ?
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her *Piramus* she'll go.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slain,
With *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm still ;
And said, *O stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,*
That we may go together, and remain
In endless Joys, and never fear the Ill
Of grudging Friends. — Then she her self did kill.

35.

To tell what Grief their Parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For Weeping calls not back the Dead again.
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,
And these few Words were writ upon the Tomb.

E P I T A P H.

I.

U Nderneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

III.

Two whose Souls, being too divine
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.

S Y L V A :

O R,

DIVERS COPIES

O F

V E R S E S,

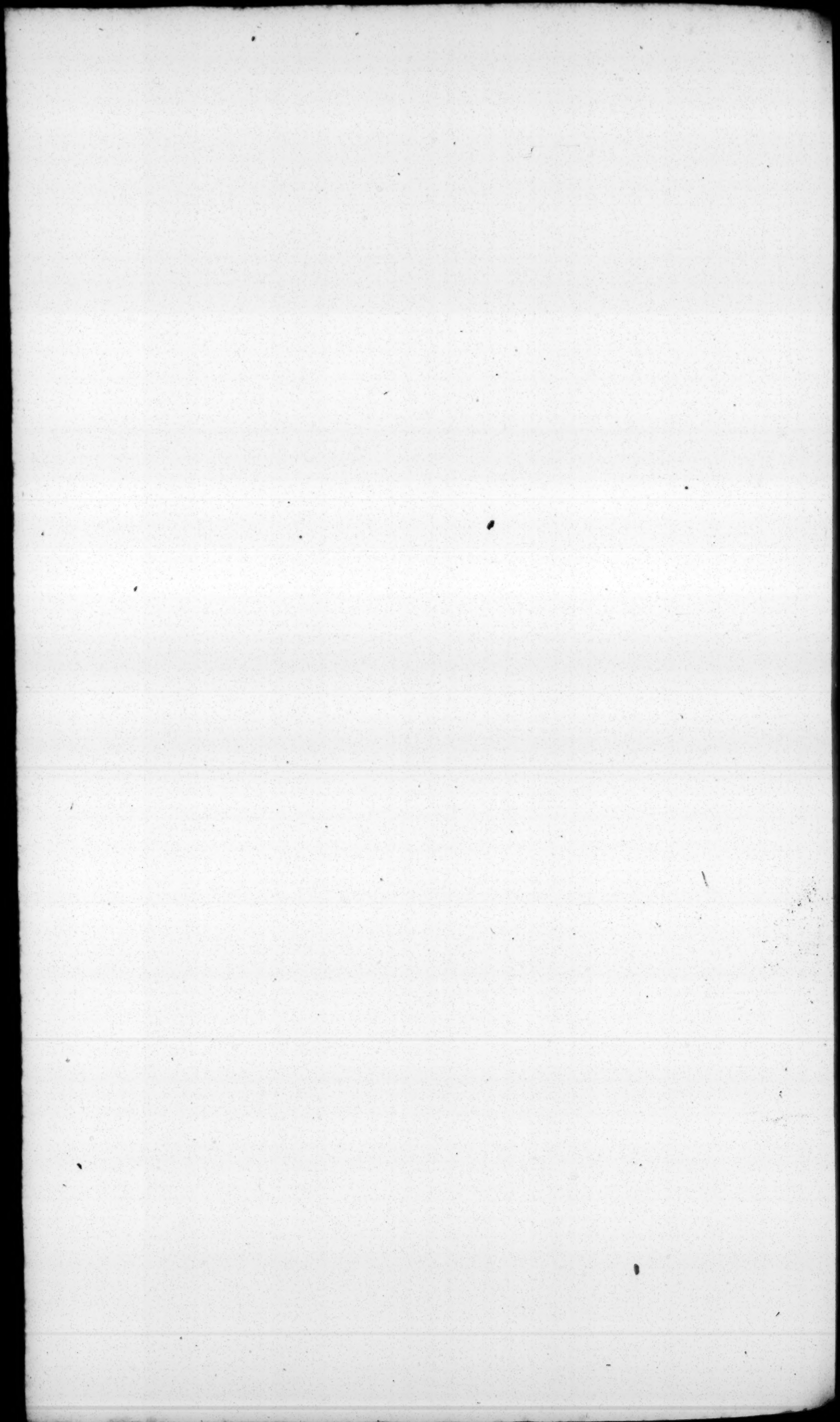
Made upon fundry Occasions.

By *A. Comley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *C. Harper*,
M DCC.



A N
E L E G Y
O N

The DEATH of the Right Honourable *Dud-*
ley Lord *Carleton*, Viscount *Dorchester*,
late Principal Secretary of State.

THE Infernal Sisters did a Council call
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfi'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Resorted, with Deaths neighbour, envious Age:
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent.
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Foe,
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was sated never:
Envyng the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love,
And Vertue (Load stone, that all these did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey:
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears:
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State;
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herse
Calliope Would sing a Tragick Verse.
And had there been before no Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Hellicon with tears,

A B R. C O W L E Y.

A N
E L E G Y
O N

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin,
Mr. Richard Clarke, late of *Lincolns-Inn*,
Gent.

I*T was decreed by stedfast Destiny,
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron
And dangers of the Infernal Region,
Leading Hells tripple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himself, by Conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence,
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm unremorseless Death,
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself with all his Wisdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his Funeral Flame,
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning those lofty Lines which now shall be
Times Conquerors, and out-last Eternity.
Even so lov'd Clarke from Death no scape could find,
Tho arm'd with great Alcides valiant mind.
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter Tongue.
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His Youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,
Had Envious Time but given him Solon's age,
Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,
Bemoil his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?
The God of Poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad Elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him to Elysiums lasting Joys they bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.*

A. C.
SYL.



SYLVIA:
OR,
DIVERS COPIES
OF
VERSES.

A Dream of Elysium.

P*Hæbus* expell'd by the approaching Night
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse* whom I adore, enter'd the Room:
Her Hair with looser curiosity,
Did on her comely back dishevel'd lie:
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.
She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
We Mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,
On whom I rid; knowing where ever she
Did go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
No sooner was my flying Courser come
To the best dwellings of *Elysium*:

When

When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,
 And hemm'd me round: Chast loves innocuous sport.
 A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my Wand'ring Eye,
 And bid my Soul graze there eternally?
 Here in full streams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
 Nor knows to ebb: here *Joves* broad Tree bestows
 Distilling Hony, here doth *Nectar* pass
 With copious current through the verdant Grass.
 Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brooks,
 Once lovely boys; and *Acis* now a Flower,
 Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power
 Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
 The spotless Lilly, and the blushing Rose.
 And all those divers ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gawdy ground.
 No Willow, Sorrows Garland, there hath room,
 Nor Cypress, sad attendant of a Tomb
 None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
 Embracing the stout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
 On whose fair tops sweet *Philomel* alone,
 Unmindful of her former misery,
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing Harmony.
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.
 No *Scritch Owl*, sad companion of the Night,
 No hideous Raven with prodigious flight
 Presaging future Ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
 Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedy,
 Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
 That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
 Turning my greedy sight another way,
 Under a row of storm-contemning Bay,
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him, and admire.
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round,
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.
 There, banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home,
 Better than thou could'st give ungrateful *Rome*;
 And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each vein
 Had every drop of his spilt Blood again:
Homer, *Sol's* first-born, was not poor or blind,
 But saw as well in Body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest
 Of *Greece's* admir'd Wise-men, here posselt
 A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
 A life, as everlasting as their Fame.

By these the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For *Vertues* cause; great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earths small Empire, and did wear
A nobler Crown, than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius*, *Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease
From War, and purchase an Eternal Peace.

Next them beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves,
And gall-less Pigeons build their nests, all Loves
True faithful Servants with an amorous kiss,
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.

Leander with his beauteous *Heroe* plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.
Thisbe her *Piramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* be
Embrac'd, each blest'd with t'others company.

And every couple always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to *Elysiums* King.

But see how soon these pleasures fade away,

How near to evening is delights short day?

The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Straight crowd: and all the vanish from my sight.

My very *Muse* her self forsook me too.

Me grief and wonder wak'd: What should I do?

Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go

From life, that I may dream for ever so.

With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp

Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.

*Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dream.*

A. C.

On His Majesties return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles*: there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name
Must have a breathing time) *Our King*: stay there,
Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and ere you say, *Is come*,
Let every heart prepare a spacious Room
For ample joys: then *Jo* sing as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
 The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
 Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear
 From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear.
 Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill
 With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,
 Knitting the pale-fac'd Lily with the Rose.
 Let the self-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,
 Spoil his own Funeral pile, and all his best
 Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
 To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,
 Each wall, each Pillar gratulations bear:
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;
 The very matter will it self infuse
 A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage
 A new-made holy-day for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
 A golden Temple to propitious fate,
 At the return of any Noble-men,
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then
 Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
 Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
 Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?
 Where no defects or imperfections grow?
 Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,
 Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury
 In Peace debilitates, whose tongue can win
Tully's own Garland, pride to him creeps in.
 On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state
 (As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
 Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
 His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.
 But all those vertues which they all possess
 Divided, are collected in thy brest,
 Great *Charles*! Let *Cæsar* boast *Parthia's* fight,
Honorius praise the *Parthians* unfeigned flight.
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,
 And place his Image near the Thunderer,
 Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains
 A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
 Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A S O N G on the same.

Hence clouded looks, hence briny tears,
Hence eye, that sorrows livery wears.

What tho a while Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?

Tet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.

What tho the Spring vanish away,
And with it the Earths Form decay?

Tet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.

What tho we miss'd our absent King
A while? Great Charles is come agen,

And, with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.

So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus Art.

So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

A V O T E.

LEst the mis-judging World should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,

To whisper in Joves ear,

How much I wish that Funeral,

Or gape at such a great ones fall,

This let all Ages hear,

And future times in my soul picture see

What I abhor, what I desire to be.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, tho he

Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be

But half a quarter long,

Tho from his old mechanick trade

By Vision he's a Pastor made,

His Faith was grown so strong.

Nay tho he think to gain salvation,

By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

G

3. I would

3.

I would not be a School-master, tho he
 His Rods no less than *Fasces* seems to be,
 Tho he in many a place,
 Turns *Lily* oftner than his gowns,
 Till at the last he make the Nowns
 Fight with the Verbs apace.
 Nay tho he can in a Poetick heat,
 Figures, born since, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Justice of Peace, tho he
 Can with equality divide the Fee,
 And stakes with his Clerk draw :
 Nay tho he sit upon the place
 Of Judgment with a learned face
 Intricate as the Law.
 And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
 Breaks *Priscians* head with sentences securely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, tho he
 Makes his whole life the truest Comedy :
 Altho he be a man
 In whom the Taylors forming Art,
 And nimble Barber claim more part
 Than Nature her self can.
 Tho, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
 To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, tho they can spin with ease
 The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,
 From Usurers Conscience
 (For swallowing up young Heirs so fast
 Without all doubt they'll choak't at last)
 Make me all Innocence.
 Good Heaven ; and from thy eyes, O Justice keep,
 For tho they be not blind they're oft asleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are
 Always at Church just like the Crows, 'cause there
 They build themselves a nest.
 From too much Poetry, which shines
 With Gold in nothing but its lines,
 Free, O you Powers, my brest.
 And from Astronomy within the Skies
 Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From

8.

From your Court-Madams Beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.

From the grave City brow
(For thought it want an R, it has
The Letter of *Pythagoras*)

Keep me O Fortune now,
And Chines of Beef innumerable fend me,
Or from the stomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me: that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknowers are better than ill known ;

Rumor can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the Number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a Cottage more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury:

My Garden painted o'er,
With Natures hand, not arts, that pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have liv'd to day*.

A Poetical Revenge.

W*estminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed
 To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed
 His absence) came not there; I up did go
 To the next Court, for tho I could not know
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
 (As most Spectators do at Theatre)
 Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
 But being newly settled at the sport,
 A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
 In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yesterday;
 One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
 Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
 Besides a Sergeant, thrust me from my seat:
 At which I' gan to quarrel, till a neat
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
 For Barrester) open'd his mouth and spake:
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;
 For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go
 Up for false Latin: they grew straight to be
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
 An Action of Trespas, till th' young man
 Aforesaid, in the Satin Suit, began
 To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,
 Without replying; for to scold is ill,
 Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
 And can out-sound *Homers Gradivus*; so
 Away got I; but ere I far did go,
 I flung (the Darts of wounding Poetry)
 These two or three sharp curses back: May he
 Be by his Father in his Study took
 At *Shakespeare's* Plays, instead of my Lord *Coke*.
 May he (though all his writings grow as soon
 As *Fleckno's* out of estimation)
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne'er come
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
 May he become some poor Physicians prey,
 Who keeps men in that Conscience in delay
 As he his Client doth, till his health be
 As far fetch as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide;
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,

Of all those Clients may not one be his,
Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.

Grant this ye gods that favor *Poetry*,
That all these never ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thread-bare Black ; but spare
Them who bare Scholars names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutcheſs of Buckingham,

I F I should ſay, that in your face were ſeen
Natures beſt Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen ;
If I ſhould ſwear under *Minerva's* Name,
Poets (who *Prophets* are) foretold your fame,
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the preſent which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as far,
As you above the reſt of Women are.

When *Manners* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I ſee,
How do I reverence your Nobility !
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them : for what Woman can
Beſides your ſelf (nay I might ſay what man)
But Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well ?

Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancy
When mans too much Religion, made the beſt
Or Deities, or Semi-god at leaſt ?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modeſty,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But what's more poſſible to enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Dart) my Name :
I love it more becauſe 'twas given by you ;
I love it moſt ; becauſe 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not deſile your name.

I'm

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
 (But ah me ! Fate hath crost that willing Score)
 A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
 And I'm more glad, because it gave me you ;
 Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
 Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
 (When Nature had not licenced my tongue
 Farther than cries) who should my office do ;
 I thank her more, because she found out you,
 In whose each look, I may a sentence see ;
 I whose each deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you ? My Fate
 Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Persian Plate*.
 Which tho it did not, to requite you thus,
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,
 And sell the cunningst way : No, when I can
 In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relisheth a School no more,
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
 And gotten wings as well as feet ; look then
 For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen :
 Till future Ages say ; 'twas you did give
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An E L E G Y on the Death of *John Littleton*,
 Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Little-*
ton, who was drowned leaping into the
 Water to save his younger Brother.

A N D must these Waters smile again ? and play
 About the Shoar, as they did yesterday ?
 Will the Sun court them still ? and shall they show
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
 That to the thirsty Traveller may say,
 I am accurst, go turn some other way ?
 It is unjust ; black flood, thy guilt is more,
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watry store
 Can give thee tears to mourn for : Birds shall be
 And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink with thee.
 What have I said ! my pious rage hath been
 Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.

Thou

Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,
 Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its flight.
 How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
 Must quarrel with his Love and Piety,
 That would revenge his death. Oh I shall sin
 And wish anon he had less vertuous been.
 For when his Brother (tears for him I'd spill,
 But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
 Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
 Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could show,
 His Charity shone most; thou shalt, said he,
 Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;
 And so he did: Had he been thine O Rome,
 Thou wouldst have call'd his Death a Martyrdom,
 And Sainted him; my Conscience give me leave,
 I'll do so to: if fate will us bereave
 Of him we honour'd living, there must be
 A kind of Reverence to his memory,
 After his death: and where more just than here,
 Where life and end were both so singular?
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find
 A little Academy in his mind;
 Where Wisdom, Master was, and Fellows all
 Which we can good, which we can vertuous call:
 Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were,
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.
 His learning had outrun the rest of Heirs,
 Stolen beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
 And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,
 And a good morrow to the Beggar brings
 With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings:
 So he, although his worth just state might claim,
 And give to pride an honourable name,
 With courtesie to all, cloath'd vertue so,
 That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
 In's Body too, no Critique eye could find
 The smallest blemish; to belie his mind;
 He was all pureness, and his outward part
 But represents the picture of his heart.
 When Waters swallowed Mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
 When gems, pluckt from the shoar by ruder hands,
 Return'd again unto their native sands;
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.
 Weep then sad Flood, and tho thou'rt innocent,
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument.
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A Trans-

*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin,
Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.*

Ave Maria.

Once thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the *Hive* of *Comfort* bears,
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.
You brought the word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you *God save* into the World there came;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

Gratia Plena.

How loaded *Hives* are with their *Honey* fill'd,
From divers *Flowers* by *Chimick Bees* distill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his *Jewel* is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:
How full the *Moon* is with her *Brothers Ray*,
When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of Mankind under Deaths extent
The Choir of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wish'd a reparation to see
By him, who Man-hood joyn'd with *Deity*.
How grateful should mans safety then appear
T'himself, whose safety can the *Angels* chear?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and *Troops* of sad *Diseases* led
To th' earth, by *Womans Hand* solicited:
Life came so too, and *Troops* of *Graces* led
To th' earth by *Womans Faith* solicited.
As our lives spring came from thy blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come.
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored brest;

'Twas *Christ* : which *Mary* without carnal thought
 From the unfathom'd depth of Goodness brought,
 The word of Blessing a just cause affords,
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

As when soft West Winds fan the Garden-Rose,
 A shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose.
 The Breath gives sparing Kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the Virgin-bosom of the Flower.
 So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* blow'd,
 And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
 Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
 Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,
 So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begat ere Time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
 Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
 Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
 That *She* no *Man*, that *God* no *Wife* should need.
 A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
 And *God* himself became to her a Shade.
 O strange Descent! who is *Light's* Author, he
 Will to his Creature thus a Shadow be.
 As unseen *Light* did from the *Father* flow,
 So did seen *Light* from *Virgin Mary* grow.
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
 The *Fathers* Shade, was *Christ* the *Deity*.
 Lets seek for Day, flee Darkness, whilst our Sight
 In *Light* finds Darkness, and in Darkness *Light*.

O D E I.

On the Praise of P O E T R Y.

'TIS not a *Pyramid* of Marble stone,
 Tho high as our Ambition;
 'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
 Give Life to th' Ashes of a Man,
 But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are Men to read or hear,

H

When

When Time shall make the lasting Bräſs decay,
 And eat the *Pyramid* away,
 Turning that Monument wherein Men truſt
 Their Names, to what it keeps, poor Duſt :
 Then ſhall the *Epitaph* remain and be
 New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquer'd, but the *Wit*
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.
 What cannot Verſe? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
 His Lyre, and gently on it ſtrook,
 The learned Stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming Song.
 With artificial Pace the Warlike *Pine*,
 Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy* twine.
 With all the better Trees, which erſt had ſtood
 Unmov'd, forſook their native Wood.
 The *Laurel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
 Craving the Honour of his Brow :
 And every loving Arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious Leaves a ſhade.
 The Beaſts too ſtrove his Auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old Tyranny.
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmleſs *Syrens* of the Air,
 And *Muſes* of the Place, were there.
 Who when their little Wind pipes they had found
 Unequal to ſo ſtrange a Sound,
 O'ercome by Art and Grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conqu'ring Lyre.
 Happy, O happy they, whoſe Tomb might be,
Mauſolus, envied by thee !

O D E II.

*That a Pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before
 Discontented Riches.*

WHY, O, doth gaudy *Tagus* raviſh thee,
 Tho *Neptune's* Treau're-houſe it be?
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
 Infect'd yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2. Their

2.

Their dull and sleepy Streams are not at all
 Like other Floods, *Poetical*,
 They have no Dance, no wanton Sport,
 No gentle Murmur, the lov'd Shore to court.

3.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
 Nor can it feed the neighb'ring Wood,
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,
 But a perpetual Winter starves the Ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew
 An added Beauty, whose clear Brow
 May be my Looking-glass, to see
 What my Face is, and what my Mind should be.

5.

Here Waves call Waves, and glide along in rank,
 And prattle to the smiling Bank :
 Here sad *King-fishers* tell their Tales,
 And Fish enrich the Brook with silver Scales.

6.

Daisies, the First-born of the teeming Spring,
 On each side their Embroidery bring,
 Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,
 And *Daffadils* to see themselves Delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbour gives her am'rous shade,
 Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.
 Here I would sit and sing rude Lays,
 Such as the *Nymphs*, and *Me my self* would please.

8.

Thus would I waste, thus end my careless Days,
 And *Robin-red-breasts*, whom Men praise
 For pious Birds, should when I die,
 Make both both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

ODE III.

To his MISTRESS.

I.

Trian Dye why do you wear,
 You whose Cheeks best Scarlet are?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure Linen o'er your Skin,
 (Your Skin that's whiter far)
 Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your Neck a golden Chain?
 Did Nature make your Hair in vain?
 Of Gold most pure and fine,
 With Gems why do you shine?
 They, Neighbours to your Eyes,
 Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistress* Parts
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,
 I would not woo the Dress,
 Or one whose Nights give less
 Contentment than the Day.
 She's *Fair*, whose *Beauty* only makes her *Gay*.

4.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,
 Or Pomp, but 'tis the King's Resort:
 If *Jupiter* down pour
 Himself, and in a shower
 Hide such bright *Majesty*,
 Less than a *Golden One* it cannot be.

O D E IV.

On the Uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.

L Eave off unfit Complaints and clear
From Sighs your Breast, and from black Clouds your Brow,
When the Sun shines not with his wonted Chear,
And Fortune throws an adverse Cast for you.

That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
The merry *West-winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.

The *Sun* to day rides drougely,
To morrow 'twill put on a Look more fair,
Laughter and Groaning do alternately
Return, and Tears Sports nearest Neighbours are.

'Tis by the Gods appointed so
That good Fare should with mingled Dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign,
And on the *Gabii* and the *Cures* lay
The Yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'en.

Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,
The Morning's Eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her Play
But Seriousness ; he shall again go home
To his old Country Farm of yesterday,
To scoffing People no mean Jest become ;
And with the *Crowned Ax*, which he
Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree ;
Nay, if he want the Fuel Cold requires,
With his own *Fasces* he shall make him *Fires*.

O D E V.

*In Commendation of the Time we live in, under the
Reign of our Gracious King Charles II.*

C Urst be that Wretch (Death's Factor sure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peaceful World, and taught
Smiths;

Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake ;
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's Life t' epitomize.

2.

Then Men (fond Men alas!) ride post to th' Grave,
And cut those Threads, which yet the Fates would save.
Then *Charon* sweated at his Trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made.
Then, the silver Hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then Limits to each Field were strain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To Men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no Bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
Wars Story, writ in Blood (sad Story) seen?
This Truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas *Civil Slaughter* dy'd her *Rose* ;
Nay then her *Lilly* too
With Bloods Loss paler grew.

5.

Such Griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
Did not just *CHARLES* silence the Rage of Steel ;
He to our Land blest Peace doth bring,
All neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till *CHARLES* his Reign!

6.

Where, dreaming *Chymicks*, is your Pain and Cost ?
How is your Oil, how is your Labour lost ?
Our *CHARLES*, best *Alchymist* (tho strange
Believe it future Times) did change
The *Iron* Age of old,
Into an Age of *Gold*.

O D E

ODE VI.

Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.

Mark that swift Arrow, how it cuts the Air,
 How it out-runs thy following Eye,
 Use all Persuasions now and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,
 That way it went, but thou shalt find
 No Track is left behind.
 Fool, 'tis *thy Life*, and the fond *Archer* thou,
 Of all the Time thou'st shot away
 I'll bid the fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a Task to do.
 Besides Repentance what canst find
 That it hath left behind?
 Our Life is carry'd with too strong a Tide,
 A doubtful *Cloud* our Substance bears,
 And is the Horse of all our Years.
 Each Day doth on a winged *Whirlwind* ride.
 We and our Glass run out, and must
 Both render up our Dust.
 But his past Life who without Grief can see,
 Who never thinks his End too near,
 But says to *Fame*, Thou art mine *Heir*;
 That Man extends Life's *natural* Brevity;
 This is, this is the only way
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a Day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

N*ichols*, my better self, forbear,
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* Pleasures are,
 The *School boys* sin will light on me,
 I shall in Mind, at least, a *Truant* be.
 Tell me not how you feed your Mind
 With Dainties of *Philosophy*,
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find
 The Taste once pleased me.
 O tell me not of *Logick's* diverse Chear,
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the Waves appear
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
 I shall contemn the troubled *Thames*,
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her Streams
 Are with rich Folly gilded, when
 The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
 Just like the Bravery of the Men,
 And graces with fresh Paint that Day.
 When th' City shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
 And Sattin Doublets seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
 Thee there, but *Plummets* hang upon my Feet:
 'Tis my chief Wish to live with thee,
 But not till I deserve thy Company:
 Till then we'll scorn to let that Toy,
 Some forty Miles, divide our Hearts:
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and *Wit*, thy beter Parts.
 Tho envious *Fortune* larger Hind'rance brings,
 We'll easily see each other, *Love* hath *Wings*.

 To

O D E . VIII.

*To a Lady who desired a Song of Mr. Cowley,
he presented this following.*

Come, Poetry, and with you bring along
A rich and painted Throng
Of noblest Words into my Song.
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, soft and pure, and thick as Snow,
And turn thy Numbers still to prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphere above,
And like a Sphere, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.

2.

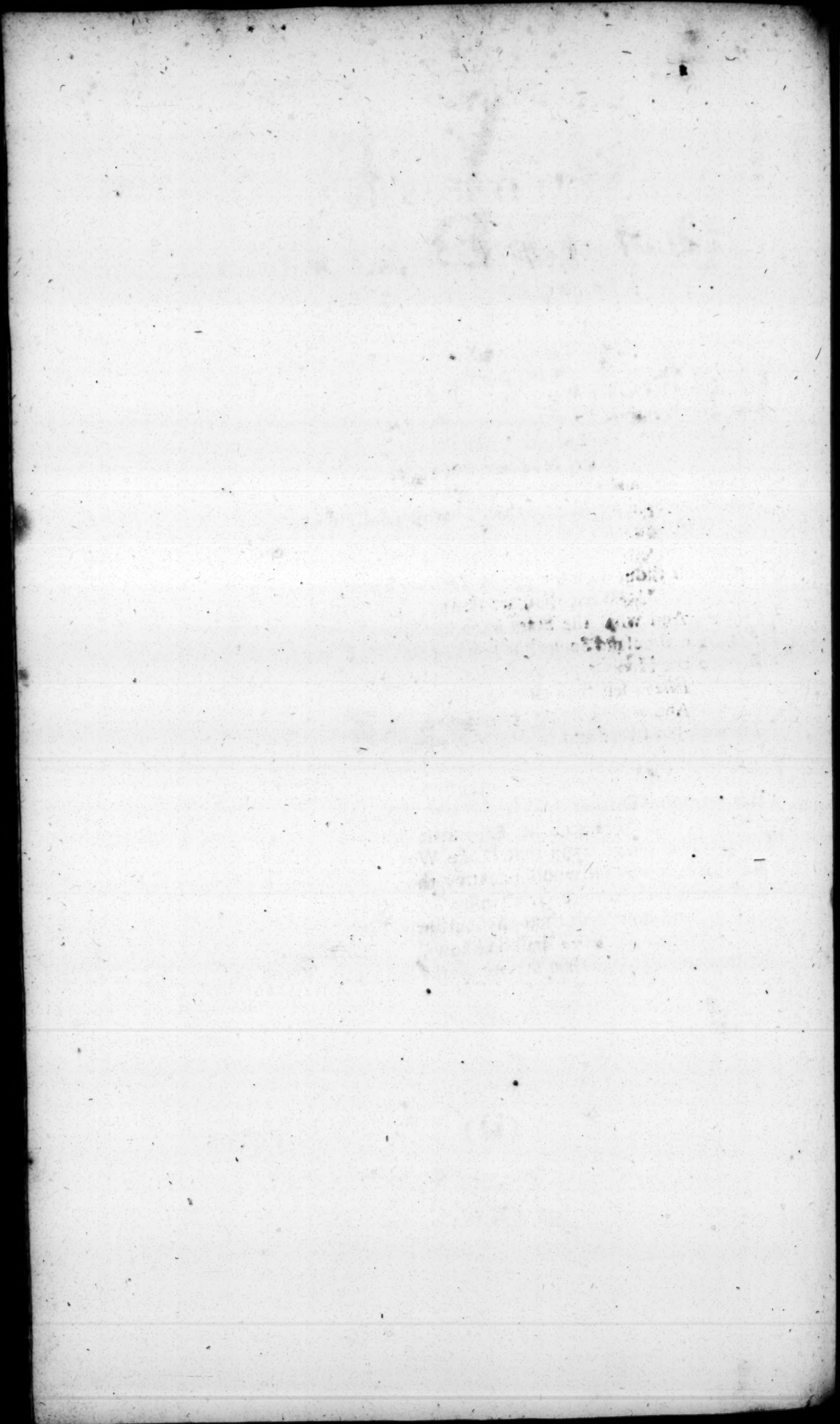
Little dost thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know,
What thou art destin'd to,
And what the Stars intend to do.
Among a thousand Songs but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee.
Eliza's self shall thee receive,
And a blest Being to thee give,
Thou on her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.

3.

Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
And dance upon that Rosie Way.
No Prince alive that would not envy thee,
And count thee happier far than he.
And how shalt thou thy Author crown,
When fair Eliza shall be known
To sing thy Praise, when she but speaks her own.

(H)

Loves



LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy ;

WRITTEN

At the Time of his being Kings Scholar

IN

WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

By A. COWLEY.



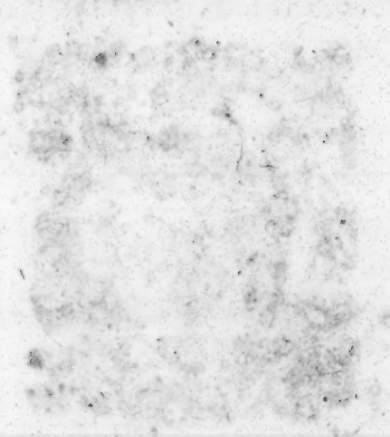
L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *Charles Harper*.

M DCC.

THE
RECORD

WILLIAM
MAYNARD
MAYNARD



To the truly Worthy and Noble
Sir K E N E L M D I G B Y, K^t.

THIS Latter Age, the Lees of Time hath known
Few that have made both Pallas Arts their own:
But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are
Victorious in Peace as well as War.
Learning by right of Conquest is your own,
And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants some Defenders) fled for Help to you
Whom I must follow, and let this for me
An earnest of my future Service be;
Which I should fear to send you, did I know
Your Judgment only, not your Candour too.
For 'twas a Work, stoln (tho you'll justly call
This Play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball.
Had it been written since, I should, I fear,
Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher.
Which by Tradition here is thought to be
A necessary Part in Comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each Line of it
Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
And I could wish, that I might safely say,
Reader, this Play was made but th' other day:
Yet 'tis not stufft with Names of Gods, hard Words,
Such as the Metamorphosis affords.
Nor has't a Part for Robinson, whom they
At School account essential to a Play.
The Stile is low, such as you'll easily take,
For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.
Take it, as early Fruits, which rare appear,
Tho not half ripe, but worst of all the year.
And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
The Birch which crown'd her then is grown a Bay.

Yours in all Observance,

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The A C T O R S Name.

Demophil, } two old Folks of a noble Family.
Spodaia, }
Florellus, } their Children.
Callidora, }
Philistus, } two Gentlemen, both in love
Aphron, } with *Callidora*.
Clariana, Sister to *Philistus*.
Melarnus, a crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, his Wife.
Hylace, their Daughter.
Ægon, an antient Country-man.
Bellula, his supposed Daughter.
Palæmon, a young Swain, in love with
Hylace.
Alupis, a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

Love's



Loves Riddle.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter Callidora disguis'd in Man's Apparel.

MAD Feet, ye have been Traitors to your Master :
Where have you led me ? sure my truant Mind
Hath taught my Body thus to wander too ;
Faintness and Fear surprize me : Ye just Gods,
If ye have brought me to this place to scourge
The Folly of my Love, (I might say Madness)
Dispatch me quickly ; send some pitying Man
Or cruel Beast to find me ; let me be
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
Why are these Trees so brave ? why do they wear
Such green and fresh Apparel ? how they smile !
How their proud Tops play with the courting Wind !
Can they behold me pine and languish here,
And yet not sympathize at all in mourning ?
Do they upbraid my Sorrows ? Can it be
That these thick Branches, never seen before
But by the Sun, should learn so much of Man ?
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious
Of their Masters Guilt, Stateliness and Pride,
Themselves would pity me ; yet these——Who's there ?

Enter Alupis Singing.

I.

*Rise up, thou mournful Swain.
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
And get thee thy Pipe again.*

II. *Come*

II.

*Come sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilst I may.*

Cal. I marry Sir, this Fellow hath some Fire in him,
Methinks a sad and drowfie Shepherd is
A Prodigy in Nature; for the Woods
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are
From Sorrows Causes, Riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driv'n hither by Ignorance of the way, and would
Confess my self bound to you for a Courtesie,
If you would please to help me to some Lodging,
Where I may rest my self.

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Well; if the rest be like this Fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a Land of Fools; some Colony
Of Elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair Generation.

Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Why art thou mad?

Alu. What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me, Sir;
For in this Age who is not? I'll prove it to you:
Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to spend his time in studying Postures,
Cringes and Fashions, and new Complements.
Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away
His Tongue for Money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use
But to undo Men and the Latin Tongue.
Your Scholars they are mad to break their Brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
That so, when all the Arts call him their Master,
He may perhaps get a small Vicarage,
Or be Usher to a School. But there's
A thing in black call'd a Poet, who is ten
Degrees in Madness above all these; his Means
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord,
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This Fellow's Wit amazeth me: but Friend,
What do you think of Lovers?

Alu. Worst of all;

Is't not a pretty Folly to stand thus,
And sigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my *Cælia*,
My Soul, my Life, my *Cælia*; then to wring
Ones Estate for Presents, and ones Brains for Sonnets?
Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Frenzy.

Cal. What so Satyrick, Shepherd? I believe
You did not learn these Flashes in the Woods;
How is it possible that you should get
Such near acquaintance with the City Manners,
And yet live here in such a silent Place
Where one would think the very name of City
Could hardly enter.

Alu. Why I'll tell you, Sir;
My Father died, (you force me to remember
A Grief that deserves Tears) and left me young,
And (if a Shepherd may be said so) rich,
I in an itching Wantonness to see,
What other Swains so wonder'd at, the City,
Strait sold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth
Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,
Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome,
And liv'd in credit; but when that was gone,
And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket,
I was condemn'd: then I began to feel
How dearly I had bought Experience,
And, without any thing besides Repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all those Follies which I saw.

S O N G.

*The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,
Sport is granted to the Sea.
Birds are Queristers of th' empty Air,
Sport is never wanting there.
The Ground doth smile at the Spring's flowry birth,
Sport is granted to the Earth.
The Fire its Chearing Flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.
If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,
Air and Fire, so merry be;
Why is Mans Mirth so seldom, and so small,
Who is compounded of them all.*

Cal. You may rejoice; but Sighs besit me better.

Alu. Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistress:
If it be so, thank God, and love no more;
Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,
Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,
Or else deny'd you her Glove, or laugh'd at you,
Causes indeed which deserve special Mourning,

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
 In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
 And all the streams which murmur when they hear
 The Injuries they suffer ; I am sorry
 I have been a hind'rance to your Meditations.
 Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

Alu. 'Faith, I am very chary of my Health,
 I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou needst not fear ; I have no Disease at all
 Besides a troubled Mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
 Your Pity the more, you should the rather
 Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. The good Gods forbid it ; I turn Physician !
 My Parents brought me up more piously,
 Than that I should play booty with a Sicknefs,
 Turn a Consumption to Mens Purfes, and
 Purge them worse than their Bodies, and set up
 An Apothecaries shop in private Chambers,
 Live by Revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,
 Defer off sick Mens Health from day to day,
 As if they went to law with their Disease.
 No, I was born for better ends, than to send away
 His Majesty's Subjects to Hell so fast,
 As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your Wit errs much :

For as the Soul is nobler than the Body,
 So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
 Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs or Agues,
 And that is, Counsel.

Alu. So then : I should be
 Your Souls Physician ; why, I could talk out
 An Hour or so, but then I want a Cushion
 To thump my Precept into ; but tell me, 'pray,
 What Name bears your Disease ?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above
 An outward one, that the Vicissitudes
 Of that may seem but Warmth and Coolness only ;
 This is Flame and Frost.

Alu. So ; I understand you,
 You are a Lover, which is by translation
 A Fool or Beast, for I'll define you ; you're
 Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,
 You're fed by th' Air, and live in Fire.

Cal. Why did you never love ? have you no Softness,
 Nought of your Mother in you ? if that Sun
 Which scorcherh me, should cast one beam upon you,
 'Twould quickly melt the Ice about your Heart,

And

And lend your Eyes fresh Streams.

Alu. 'Faith I think not ;
I have seen all your Beauties of the Court,
And yet was never ravish'd, never made
A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
Either to warm her Heart, or else cool mine,
And no Face yet could ever wound me so,
But that I quickly found a Remedy.

Cal. That were an Art worth learning, and you need not
Be niggard of your Knowledge ; See the Sun
Tho it hath given this many thousand years
Light to the World, yet is as big and bright
As e'er it was, and hath not lost one Beam
Of his first Glory ; then let Charity
Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be
A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,
Come sing away the day, &c.
Mirth is the only Physick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired
To cheat my Sorrow with ; and for that purpose
Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural Sports
Wear my Life's Remnant out ; I would forget
All things, my very Name if it were possible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it first.

Cal. 'Tis *Callidorus*.

Alu. Thank you ; if you your self chance to forget it,
Come but to me I'll do you the same Courtesie,
In the mean while make me your Servant, Sir,
I will instruct you in things necessary
For the creation of a Shepherd, and
We two will laugh at all the World securely,
And sling Jests 'gainst the Businesses of State
Without endangering our Ears.

*Come, come away,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula, Hylace.

Pal. I see I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter?
By *Pan* ; but come, no matter for that ; you love my *Hylace* ?

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your self ; what tho he loves
her ? you know she will not have him.

Mel. Come no matter for that ; I will vex my self, and vex him
too, shall such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest Mens
Children ? let him go feed his Flocks ; but alas ! he has none to
trouble him ; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting Man,

K

And

And one who cannot boast of any thing
But that she calls thee Father, tho I cannot
Number so large a Flock of Sheep as thou,
Nor send so many Cheeses to the City,
Yet in my Mind I am an Emperour
If but compar'd with thee.

Tru. Of what place I pray ?

'Tis of some new discover'd Country, is't not ?

Pal. Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,
Keep thy Breath in a little, for it smells
Worse than a Goat ; yet you must talk,
For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman
But Lust and Tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none so taken with your Wit,
But you might spare it ; if you be so lavish,
You'll have none left another time to make
The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my Lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever ;
May my rash Tongue forget to be Interpreter
And Organ of my Senses, if you say
It hath offended you.

Hyl. Troth if you make
But that Condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well said Girl ; what a Fool was I
To suspect thee of loving him ? but come,
'Tis no matter for that ; when e'er thou art married
I'll add ten Sheep more to thy Portion
For putting this one Jest upon him.

Æg. Nay, now I must needs tell you that your Anger
Is grounded with no reason to maintain it.
If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,
Say so, but play not with his Passion,
For 'tis inhumane Wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that ; what I do, I do ;
I shall not need your Counsel.

Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wisdom
To govern our own Child ; if we want any
'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,
To come to borrow some of you.

Æg. 'Tis very likely, pretty Mistress *Maukin*,
You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple
When 'tis shrunk up together and half rotten,
I'd see you hung up for a thing to scare
The Crows away before I'll spend my Breath
To teach you any.

Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!
What do you imagine that I should love you for ?

Pal. For all my Services, the virtuous Zeal
And Constancy with which I ever woo'd you,
Tho I were blacker than a Starless Night,

Or Consciences where Guilt and Horror dwell,
Altho splay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts ;
And but the Chaos only of a Man;
Yet if I love and honour you, Humanity
Would teach you not to hate or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine Persuasions, and set Speeches,
And rather tell them to those Stones and Trees,
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when
You spend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final Answer, that I may
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly ;
Delay's a cruel Rack, and kills by piece-meals.

Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an Ass,
(Take that for your Incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you.

Pal. You're a Woman,
A cruel and fond Woman, and my Passion
Shall trouble you no more ; but when I'm dead
My angry Ghost shall vex you worse than now
Your Pride doth me, farewell.

Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palæmon going out.

Aph. Nay stay Sir, have you found her ?

Pal. How now ? what's the matter ?

Aph. For I will have her out of you, or else
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind
Play with the Shreds of thy torn Body. Look her
Or I will do't.

Pal. Whom, or where ?

Aph. I'll tell thee honest Fellow, thou shalt go
From me as an Embassador to the Sun,
For Men call him the Eye of Heaven, (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him — do you mark me — tell him
From me — that if he send not word where she is gone,
— I will — nay by all the Gods I will,

Æg. Alas poor Gentleman !
Sure he hath lost some Mistress ; beauteous Women
Are the chief Plagues to Men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any ?

Æg. How far is he beyond the name of Slave,
That makes his Love his Mistress ?

Aph. Mistress ! who's that ? her Ghost ? 'tis she ;
It was her Voice ; were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her,
Were all the *Atys* heap'd on each other's Head,
Were *Petion* join'd to *Offa*, and they both
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make
So high a Wall, but I would scale't and find her.

Bell. Unhappy Man.

Aph. 'Tis empty Air : I was too rude, too saucy

And she hath left me ; if she be alive
 What Darknes shall be thick enough to hide her ?
 If dead, I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elyzium*
 Where all the Souls of good and virtuous Mortals
 Enjoy deserved Pleasures after Death.
 What should I fear : if there be an *Erynus*
 'Tis in this Breast, if a *Tisiphone*
 'Tis here, here in this Brain are all her Serpents ;
 My Grief and Fury arm me.

Pal. By your leave Sir.

Aph. No by the Gods, that Man that stops my journey
 Had better have provok'd a hungry Lions
 Robb'd of her Whelps, or set her naked Breast
 Against the Thunder.

[Exit Aphron.

Tru. 'Tis well he's gone,
 I never could endure to see these Madmen.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
 For now he's gone here comes another ;
 But 'tis no matter for that neither.
 How now ! who has he brought with him ?

[Enter Alupis and
 Callidorus.

Alu. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,
 I must present this Stranger to your knowledge,
 When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

Cal. Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all.
 'Tis my desire to be your Neighbour here,
 And feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.
 This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle Nature
 Will be most willing to accept my Friendship ;
 Which if you do, may all the Sylvian Deities
 Be still propitious to you, may your Flocks
 Yearly encrease above your Hopes or Wishes ;
 May none of your young Lambs become a Prey
 To the rude Wolf, but play about securely ;
 May Dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods.
 May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberries
 Grow in abundance ; may no Lovers be
 Despis'd and pine away their Years of Spring,
 But the Youngmen and Maids be stricken both
 With equal Sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time ; The Gods forbid
 Mortals to be so happy.

Æg. I thank you ; and we wish no less to you :
 You are most welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handsome Man,
 I'll be acquainted with him ; we most heartily
 Accept your Company.

Mel. Come no matter for that, we have enough
 Already, who can bear us company ;
 But no matter for that neither ; we shall have
 Shortly no room left us to feed our Flocks.

By

By one another.

Alu. What always grumbling?
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure
Whilst you were getting; well, if I begin
I'll so abuse thee, and that publickly.

Mel. A rot upon you; you must still be humour'd,
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

Alu. What, Beauties, are you silent?
Take notice of him, (pray) your speaking is
Worth more than all the rest.

Bell. You're very welcome.

[*Salutes her.*]

Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

Bell. I never saw Beauty and Affability
So well conjoin'd before; if I stay long
I shall be quite undone.

Alu. Nay come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You blefs me too much;
The honour of your Lip is entertainment
Princes might wish for.

Hyl. Blefs me, how he looks!
And how he talks! his Kifs was Honey too,
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins.

Bell. Blefs me, how I envy her!
Would I had that Kifs too!

Hyl. How his Eye shines! what a bright Flame it shoots!

Bel. How red his Cheeks are! so our Garden Apples
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

Hyl. How well his Hairs become him!
Just like that Star which ushers in the Day.

Bell. How fair he is! fairer than whitest Blossoms.

Tru. They two have got a Kifs;
Why should I lose it for want of speaking?
You're welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on: *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome.

Alu. Here's another must have a Kifs.

Tru. Go you're a paltry Knave, ay, that you are,
To wrong an honest Woman thus.

Alu. Why he shall kifs thee, never fear it;
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee,
I'll speak to him.

Tru. You're a slandering Knave,
And you shall know't, that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you scold so loud
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three hours. *Callidorus*
If you can patiently endure a Stink,

Or

Or have frequented e'er the City Bear-garden,
 Prithee salute this fourscore Years, and free me,
 She says you're welcome too,

Cal. I cry you mercy Shepherdess,
 By *Pan* I did not see you.

Tru. If my Husband and *Alupis* were not here
 I'd rather pay him back his Kifs again
 Than be beholden to him.

Alu. What, thou hast don't!
 Well if thou dost not die upon't, hereafter
 Thy Body will agree even with the worst
 And stinkingst Air in *Europe*.

Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherdess, you know
 He doth but jest as 'tis his Custom.

Tru. I know it is his Custom; he was always
 Wont to abuse me, like a Knave as he is,
 But I'll endure't no more.

Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus*, if her Breath
 Be not too bad, go stop her mouth again,
 She'll scold till night else.

Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you Rascal you,
 I'll teach you to lay your Frumps upon me;
 You delight in it, do you?

Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
 And I will never jeer thee any more,
 We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well, upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads?
 What have you lost your Tongues? I'll have them cry'd,
Palæmon, *Ægon*, *Callidorus*, what?
 Are you all dumb? I pray continue so,
 And I'll be merry with my self.

S O N G.

'Tis better to dance than sing.
 The Cause is, if you will know it,
 That I to my self shall bring
 A Poverty
 Voluntary
 If once I grow but a Poet.

Æg. And yet methinks you sing.

Alu. O yes, because here's none to dance,
 And both are better far than to be sad.

Æg. Come then, let's have a round.

Alu. A match; *Palæmon* whither go you?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,
 Cheat my own Mind; I dance and weep at once?
 You may. Farewel.

Alu. 'Tis such a whining Fool; come, come, *Melarnus*.

[Exit.

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance ; but come, nomatter for that, rather than break squares. —

Cal. By your leave, Fair one.

Hyl. Wou'd I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylace*, thee and I Wench, I warrant thee,

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

Mel. Come no matter for that,
I have not danc'd so much this year.

Alu. So farewell, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewell gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Our best Wishes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Demophil, Spodaia, Philistus, Clariana.

Dem. **N**AY, She is lost for ever, and her Name
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now
Is Poison to our Thoughts, and to augment
Our Misery paints forth our former Happiness,
O Callidora ! O my Callidora !
I shall ne'er see thee more.

Spo. If cursed *Aphron*
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now
In the Destruction of our hoary Age
'Twere better she were dead.

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead ; the enjoying
Of tedious Life is a worse Punishment
Than losing of my Daughter ; Oh ! my Friends,
Why have I liv'd so long ?

Cla. Good Sir be comforted : Brother speak to them.

Spo. Wou'd I had died, when first I brought thee forth,
My Girl, my best Girl, then I should have slept
In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue,
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be
My own sad Monument.

Cla. Alas ! you do but hurt your selves with weeping ;
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

Dem. Oh ! never, never, 'tis as impossible

As

As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
 Persuade my Life's fresh *April* to return,
 She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*,
 Whom if I could see, methinks new Blood
 Would creep into my Veins, and my faint Sinews
 Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
 Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

Spo. Would I were with thee, Girl, where e'er thou art.

Cla. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort them,
 Methinks you should say something.

Phi. Do you think

My Grief so light? Or was the Interest
 So small which I had in her? I a Comforter!
 Alas, she was my Wite, for we were married
 In our Affections, in our Vows; and nothing
 Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
 The thin Partition of some Ceremonies.
 I lost my Hopes my Expectations,
 My Joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;
 You have a Son yet left behind, whose Memory
 May sweeten all this Gall.

Spo. I, we had one,

But Fate's so cruel to us, and such Dangers
 Attend a travelling Man, that 'twere Presumption
 To say we have him; we have sent for him
 To blot out the Remembrance of his Sister:
 But whether we shall ever see him here,
 The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Dem. This News, alas!

Will be but a sad Welcome to him.

Phi. Why do I play thus with my Misery?

'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
 I'll seek her where e'er she is; Patience in this
 Would be a Vice, and Men might justly say
 My Love was but a Flash of winged Lightning,
 And not a Vestal Flame, which always shines;
 His Wooing is a Complement not a Passion,
 Who can, if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,
 Spend some few Tears, then take another choice,
 Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*.

Cla. Fie Brother, you're a Man,
 And should not be shaken with every Wind;
 If it were possible to call her back
 With Mourning, Mourning were a Piery,
 But since you cannot, you must give me leave
 To call it Folly.

Phi. So it is;

And I will therefore shape some other Course,
 This doleful place shall never see me more,
 Unless it see her too in my Embraces,

You, Sister, may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoining to the Woods,
And my Estate I leave for you to manage;
If I find her, expect me there, if not
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

Cla. Alas! how can I if you leave me? but
I hope your Resolution will be alter'd.

Phi. Never: farewell good *Demophil*,
Farewel *Spodaia*, temper your Laments;
If I return we shall again be happy.

Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.
The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any)
Attend upon you.

Cla. Will you needs go?

Phi. I knit Delays; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

Dem. Oh! that Name wounds me; we'll bear you company
A little way, and *Clariana* look
To see us often at your Country Farm,
We'll sigh and grieve together.

Enter Alupis and Palæmon.

Alu. Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare Fancies?
Could the Morning Musick, which you wak'd
Your Mistris with, prevail no more than this?
Why in the City now your very Fidlers
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath she deny'd thee quite?

Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot storming Billows.

Alu. Can no Persuasions move her?

Pal. No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak,
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce Wars
Of all the Winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good Hearing; then
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
Nor Garlands knit with amorous Conceits;
I do perceive some rags of the Court Fashions
Visibly creeping now into the Woods;
The more he shews his Love, the more she slights him,
Yet will take any Gift of him as willingly
As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending Neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this Wench, I would so handle her,
I'd teach her what the Difference were betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City Tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to Men,
And Tygres oft forget their Cruelty

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They

They suck'd from their fierce Mothers ; but a Woman!
Ah me! a Woman! —

Alu. Yet if I saw such Wonders in her Face
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How 'pray? if Gifts would do it, she hath had
The daintiest Lambs, the Hope of all my Flock ;
I let my Apples hang for her to gather ;
The painful Bee did never load my Hives,
With Honey which she tasted not.

Alu. You mistake me Friend, I mean not so.

Pal. How then? if Poetry would do it, what Shade
Hath not been Auditor of my amorous Pipe?
What Banks are not acquainted with her Praises?
Which I have sung in Verses, and the Shepherds
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,
Altho I am not easie to believe them.

Alu. No, no, no ; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how?

If shew of Grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine
Long before this ; what day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the Morning?
Which of the Winds hath not my Sighs increas'd
At sundry times? how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have answered *Hylace*? and every Valley,
As if it were my Rival, founded *Hylace*.

Alu. Ay, and you are a most rare Fool for doing so.
Why 'twas that poisoned all ; had I a Mistress
I'd almost beat her, by this Light I would,
For they are much about your Spaniels Nature ;
But whilst you cry dear *Hylace, O Hylace!*
Pity the Tortures of my burning Heart,
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the first asking ; tho her tickled Blood
Leaps at the very mention ; therefore now
Leave off your whining Tricks, and take my Counsel,
First then be merry ; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Pal. 'Tis a hard Lesson for my Mind to learn,
But I would force my self if that would help me.

Alu. Why thou shalt see it will ; next I would have thee
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully ;
Study for jeers against next time you see her,
I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,
Till we have made her cry, worse than e'er you did ;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'll be as tame and gentle —

Pal. But alas!

This will provoke her more.

Alu. I'll warrant thee : besides, what if it should?

She hath refus'd you utterly already
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'll put it strait in Practice.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Pal. A match; I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me,
There is this Good in depth of Misery
That Men may attempt any thing,
They know the worst before-hand.

{ Exeunt.

Enter Callidorus.

How happy is that Man, who in these Woods
With secure Silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himself
Than others; who so great a Stranger is
To City Follies, that he knows them not.
He sits all day upon some mossie Hill
His rural Throne, arm'd with his Crook, his Scepter,
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects,
Which every Year pay him their fleecy Tribute;
Thus in an humble Stateliness and Majesty
He tunes his Pipe, the Woods best Melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,
And needless days in their innocuous Sports;
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recurse unto my Thoughts and strait pluck down
The Resolution I had built before;
Love names *Philistus* to me, and o'th' sudden
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless Pleasures
The Daughters of Necessity not Vertue.
Thus with my self I wage a War, and am
To my Rest a Traitor; I would fain
Go home, but still the Thought of *Aphron* frights me.
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*,
The grumbling Shepherd's Daughter.

Enter Hylace.

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,
And grace these shady Habitations,
You're welcome; how shall I requite the benefit
Which you bestow upon so poor a Stranger
With your fair presence?

Hyl. If it be any Courtesie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought
A rural Present, some of our own Apples.
My Father and Mother are so hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can please your taste,
My Wish is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind,

L 2

And

And teach that Duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd; I wou'd I could return
The half of your Deserts; but I am poor
In every thing but Thanks.

Hyl. Your Acceptance only is Reward
Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush?
A Man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear so great a shew of Modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my Boldness
To thrust into my Company; but truly
I meant no hurt in't, my Intents were virtuous.

Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a Thought
So wicked; thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no Foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter
(If there be any possibility of it)
Than that clear Skin that cloaths thy dainty Body.

Hyl. Nay my good Will deserves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Country Wench.

Cal. Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour
And love those maiden Virtues which adorn you.

Hyl. I wou'd you did, as well as I do you,
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,
And I must be contented.—I'm undone. [Enter *Bellula*.
Here's *Bellula*, what is she grown my Rival?

Bel. Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace*? some Cloud
Or friendly Mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the Day start back? are you so cruel
To shew us first the Light, and having struck
Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight?
If Spring, crown'd with the Glories of the Earth,
Appear upon the heav'nly Ram, and streight
Creep back again into a grey-hair'd Frost,
Men will accuse its Forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven
He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;
He did not make so long a Speech to me
I'm sure oft, tho I brought him Apples.

Bel. I did mistake my way; pray pardon me.

Hyl. I wou'd you had else.

Cal. I must thank Fortune then which led you hither,
But you can stay a little while and bless us?

Bel. Yes; (and Love knows how willingly) alas!
I shall quite spoil my Garland ere I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*, 'pray *Pan*
She hath not stoln his Heart already from him,
And cheated my Intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her,

It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know she loves him,
And hath perhaps a better Tongue than I,
Altho I should be loth to yield to her
In Beauty or Complexion.

Bel. Let me speak
In private with you ; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best Flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yesterday.

Cal. How you oblige me to you!
I thank you Sweetest, how they flourish still !
Sure they grow better since your Hand has nipt them.

Bel. They will do, when your Brow hath honour'd them ;
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

Cal. What Perfumes dwell in them !
They ow these Odors to your Breath.

Hyl. Detend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,
How long they have been talking ! now perhaps
She's woing him ; perhaps he forgets me
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance.
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.

Cal. I will do presently, best *Hylace*.

Hyl. That's something yet, wou'd he would speak so always.

Cal. I would not change them for those glorious Apples
Which give such Fame to the *Hesperian* Gardens.

Bel. She hath out-gone me in her Present now,
But I have got a Beechen Cup at home,
Curiously graven with the spreading Leaves,
And gladsome Burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which *Damon*, the best Artist of these Woods
Made and bestowed upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a Chaplet ? Oh!
This is I see of *Bellula's* composing.

Bel. Why *Hylace* ? you cannot make a better,
What Flowers 'pray doth it want ?

Cal. Poor Souls ! I pity them, and the more,
Because I have not been my self a Stranger
To these Love Passions, but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their Affection ;
Truly I would fain satisfie them both,
But can do neither ; 'tis Fates crime, not mine.

Bel. Whither go you, Shepherd ?

Hyl. You will not leave us, will you ?

Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have both bought me with your Courtesies,
And should divide me.

Hyl.

Hyl. She came last to you.

Bell. She hath another Love,
And kills *Palemon* with her Cruelty,
How can she expect Mercy from another?
Into what a Labyrinth doth Love draw Mortals
And then blindfolds them! what a Mist it throws
Upon their Senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is (his Power could not be so great else)
He knows the Impossibility which Nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle

Cal. D'ye both love me?

Bell. I do, I'm sure.

Hyl. And I as much as she.

Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful Sand, whose dry'd up Womb
Nature denies to bless with Fruitfulness,
You are both fair, and more than common Graces
Inhabit in you both; *Bellula's* Eyes
Shine like the Lamp of Heav'n, and so do *Hylace's*.
Hylace's Cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chaste Morning's Blushes, so are *Bellula's*,
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,
Yet must not enjoy either.

Bell. You speak Riddles.

Cal. Which Times Commentary
Must only explain to you; and till then
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
I thank you both.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Hyl. Alas! my Hopes are strangled.

Bell. I will not yet despair: He may grow milder,
He bad me farewel first; and look'd upon me
With a more stedfast Eye, than upon her,
When he departed hence: 'twas a good Sign;
At least I will imagine it to be so,
'Hope is the truest Friend, and seldom leaves one

[Exit.

Enter Truga.

I doubt not but this will move him,
For they are good Apples, but my Teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that tho,
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow
As well as any of them all: ay that I can,
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the Mad-man,

Enter Aphron.

Hercules, Hercules, ho *Hercules*, where are you?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha' done,
I'll fling them to thee again: why *Hercules*!
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?
I'll travel then without them, and do Wonders.

Tru. I quake all over, worse than any Fit
Of the Palsie which I have had this forty years,

Could

Could make me do.

Aph. So, I ha' found the Plot out,
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* shoulders,
And crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure
I cannot chuse but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me if he should see me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women?
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?

Aphron, who hath been dead till this blest minute?

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

Aph. Thy Skin is whiter than the snowy Feathers
Of *Leda's* Swans.

Tru. Law you there now,——

I thought I was not so unhandsome as they'd make me.

Aph. Thy Hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Than when she spreads her Beams and fills her Orb.

Tru. Beshrew their Hearts that call this Gentleman mad,
He hath his Senses I'll warrant him, about him,
As well as any Fellow of them all.

Aph. Thy Teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of purest Ivory.

Tru. Ay for those few I have,
I think they're white enough.

Aph. Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy Look
Is Picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,
And bear my Age well; yet *Alupis* says
I look like *January*, but I'll teach the Knave
Another Tune I'll warrant him.

Aph. Thy Lips are Cherries, let me taste them Sweet.

Tru. You have beg'd so handsomly.

Aph. Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'Tis a Witch, a Hag.

Tru. What am I?

Aph. A Witch, one that did take the shape
Of my best Mistris, but thou could'st not long
Bely her Pureness.

Tru. Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;
He had some Sense e'n now.

Aph. Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked Woman
Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how
Her Eyes do sink into their ugly Holes,
As if they were afraid to see the Light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will nor,
My Hair was bright e'n now, and my Looks fresh.
Am I so quickly chang'd?

Aph. Her Breath infects the Air, and sows a Pestilence
Where e'er it comes; what hath she there?

I! these are Apples made up with the Stings

Of

Of Scorpions, and the Blood of Basilisks;
Which being swallow'd up, a thousand Pains
Eat on the Heart, and gnaw the Entrails out,

Tru. Thou ly'st; ay, thou dost,
For these are honest Apples that they are;
I'm sure I gather'd them my self.

Aph. From the Stygian Tree; give them me quickly, or I will--

Tru. What will you do? 'pray take them.

Aph. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

Tru. 'Tis false; for I know no such Woman.
I am glad I am got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter tho,
I'll have a better Gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.

Aph. The Fiend is vanish'd from me,
And hath left these behind for me to taste of,
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'll scatter them,
Now I have spoil'd her Plot; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The End of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

THE Sun five times had gone his yearly Progress,
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning
Big with Desire to view my native *Sicily*,
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning
The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)
Of their departed Daughter; what a Welcome
This was to me, all in whose Hearts a Vein
Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive
Without the dumb Persuasions of my Tears.
Yet, as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of Happiness in Misery,
It came without an Army to attend it,
As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman
Whom her Attire call'd Shepherdess, but her Face
Some disguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess;
It struck such Adoration (for I durst not
Harbour the Love of so divine a Beauty)
That ever since I could not teach my Thoughts
Another Object; in this happy Place,
(Happy her Presence made it) she appear'd,

And

And breath'd fresh honors on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the Musky kisses of the West wind.
Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Hyl. We did not send for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No by this light, not till I see you cry;
When you have shed some penitential tears
For wronging of *Palæmon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is uncivil,
To thrust into our company; do you think
That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpose?
You'd ask how many Shepherds he hath strooken?
Which is the properest man? which kisses sweetest?
Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell
What a fine man woos you, how red his lips are?
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty sonnets
He hath composed in honour of your Beauty?
And then at last, with what rare tricks you fool him?
These are your learn'd discourses; but were all
Men of my temperance, and wisdom too,
You should woo us, I, and woo hardly too,
Before you got us.

Flo. O prophaneness!
Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,
And not be stricken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,
But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,
I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods,
To fling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,
But her? whom thy great Deity even *Pan*
Himself would honour, do not dare to utter
The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence,
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns:
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to.
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much respect and honor to her
As holy men in superstitious zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

M

Bell. Oh!

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me th' other day.

Alu. Why? have you got a Patent to restrain me?
Or do you think your glorious sute can fright me?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To rise betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God save you Madam;
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you; have you shown
Your gay apparel every where in town,
That you can afford us the sight of't, or
Hath that grand Devil whose eclipsed sergeant,
Frighted you out of the City?

Flo. Your loose jests
When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only, but as soon
As you begin to violate her name,
Nature and Conscience too bids me be angry,
For then 'tis wickedness.

Alu. Well, if it be so,
I hope you can forgive the sin that's past
Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,
For I have eyes of Pumice; I'm content
To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me
Free leave t'abuse you, on the condition
You will revenge it only with neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only.

Flo. What are you biting?
Where did you pick these fragments up of wit?

Alu. Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,
They should be more than fragments by their price,
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
I scorn'd to deal with your poor City Pedlers, that sell
By retail: but let that pass, *For 'tis but a Folly*, &c.

Flo. Then you have seen the City.

Alu. I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure
It suckt up in three years the whole estate
My Father left, tho he were counted rich:
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by
Their founding Oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,
Of Battels fought in *Persia*, or *Polonia*,
Where they themselves were of the conquering side,
Although God knows one of the City Captains,
Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet breeches,
When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days,
And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,
Would pose them in the art Military; these
Were my first Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

Alu. Pish, these were nothing:

I grew to keep your Poets company,
Those are the soakers, they refin'd me first
Of those gross humors that are bred by mony,
And made me strait a wit, as now you see,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon
But these bright Virgins?

Alu. Yes, now you are here,
You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

Hyl. 'Tis best for me to go, while they are talking,
For if I steal not from *Alupis* sight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me.

[Exit.

Alu. What are you vanishing, coy Mistris *Hylace*?
Nay, I'll be with you strait, but first I'll fetch
Palemon, now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,
Well, I may live in time to have the Women
Scratch out my eyes, or else scold me to death,
I shall deserve it richly: Farewel Sir,
I have employment with the Damsel gone,
And cannot now intend you.

[Exit.

Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now good Love, and teach my tongue
Th' Inchantments that thou wood'st thy *Psyche* with.

Bell. Farewel Sir.

Flo. Oh! be not so cruel,
Let me enjoy my self a little while,
Which without you I cannot.

Bell. Pray let me go,
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

Flo. Alas! thou needst not fear, for th' Wolf himself,
Tho hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to spare thy pretty Flocks, and be
As careful as the Sheperds dog to guard them,
Nay if he should not, *Pan* would present be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,
For tho he be a God he would not blush
To be thy Servant.

Bell. Oh! You're courtly Sir:
But your fine words will not defend my Sheep,
Or stop them if they wander; let me go.

Flo. Are you so fearful of your Cattles loss?
Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
(For without you how can I choose but perish?)
Tho I my self were most contemptible,
Yet for this reason only, that I love
And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

Bell. What would you do that thus you urge my stay ?

Flo. Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood,
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste
And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,
I do confess I love you, but the fire
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress,
Or that by holy men on altars kindled,
Is not so pure as mine is ; I would only
Gaze thus upon thee ; feed my hungry eyes
Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the wind
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rosie twins ;
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,
Till thou thy self shouldst check my modesty,
And yield thy lips, but further, tho thou should'st
Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,
(Which I'm sure thou wilt) I'd not offer
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
A licence unto my desires.

Bell. Which I
Need not bestow much language to oppose,
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
When they made me a rude and homely wench,
You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)
By state and birth a Gentleman.

Flo. I hope
I am without suspicion of a boaster
Say that I am so, else my love were impudence ;
For do you think wise nature did intend
You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd
Such pains in your creation ? would she fetch
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath ?
Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses
T' adorn your cheeks ? would she bereave the Rock
Of Coral for your lips ? and catch two Stars
As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of ?
Would she herself turn work-woman and spin
Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses ?
Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm ?
And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,
Hide it from publick view and admiration ?
No ; she would set it on some Pyramid,
To be the spectacle of many eyes :
And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune.
Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
Not that I am ambitious of such honors
But that through them I might be made more worthy
To enjoy you.

Bell. You are for ought I see

Too great already ; I will either live
An undefiled Virgin as I am,
Or if I marry, not belye my birth,
But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd
(For *Callidorus* is so) and I will be either his or no bodies. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Pray hear me.

Bell. Alas ! I have Sir, and do therefore now
Prepare to answer, if this Passion
Be love, my Fortune bids me deny you ;
If Lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,
Farewel.

Flo. O stay a little ! but two words she's gone,
Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being set,
Night creeps behind and covers all ; some way
I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
(And the blind man himself without a guide
May find) some way to die ; would I had been
Born a poor Shepherd in these shady woods.
Nature is cruel in her benefits,
And when she gives us hony, mingles gall.
She said that if she married, the Woods.
Should find a husband for her. I will woo her
In Silvian habit, then perhaps she'll love me——
But yet I will not, that's in vain ; I will too,
It cannot hurt to try.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, after them Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, she's just behind us, are you ready ?
When she scolds, be you loudest, if she cry
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you ; you have instructed me enough,
She comes.

Hyl. Is't possible that *Bellula*——

Pal. Fair creature——

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee ?

Pal. Whom, all the Nymphs (tho Women use to be
As you know, envious of anothers Beauty)
Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this speech ? 'tis a most neat one :
Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle,
You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able
To keep you Sheep.

Alu. Good ! she abuses him.
Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
Out-shone by thee on earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever
Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer thee.

Pal. No ;

Pal. No I'll try that strait,
I have a present here—
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume
To dedicate to your Service.

Hyl. You're so cunning,
And have such pretty ways to entice me with;
Come let me see it.

Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an answer.

Hyl. How now; what tricks are these?
Give it me quickly, or—

Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatsoever thou sayest I will not hear
A syllable, much less answer thee.

Alu. Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

Hyl. This is some Plot I see, would I were gone,
I had as lieve see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Damsel? ha?
Why, we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,
Hang them scurvy Beasts, to buy your pretty knacks;
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as our wit reaches,
Bid us begone, and when we have talk'd two hours,
Deny to answer us; nay you must stay [*She offers to be gone.*]
And hear a little more.

Hyl. Must I? are you
The Master of my business? I will not.

Alu. Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'st got a chain about thy neck,
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears:
When thou'st perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine Arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;
Thoud'st be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'st outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Hyl. Oh! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt
But we shall have a good Oration then,
For they call you the learned Sheperd; well!
This is your love I see.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What should I love a stone? or woo a picture?
Alas! I must be gone, for whatso'er
I say, you will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer; go, you think you are
So singularly handsom, when alas,

Galla, Menalcha's Daughter, Bellula,
Or Amaryllis overcome you quite.

Hyl. This is a scurvy fellow; I'll fit him for't,
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wisdom
Will trouble me so long with your vain suit,
Why do you not woo them?

Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,
And always be dispraising of their beauties.

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha.
Alupis, do'st thou hear her; she'll cry presently,
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me still; some few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the wealth of Sicily,
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.

Pal. Alupis, Oh!
We have incens'd her too much! how she looks?
Prithee Alupis, help me to intreat,
You know he did but jest, dear Hylace,
Alupis, prithee speak, best, beauteous Hylace,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.

Alu. Here's a precious fool.

Hyl. Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found more ways?
Thou need'st not vex my wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a Disease to me,
And wound'st my eyes.

[Exit.

Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A punishment (but sure there is not any)
Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too! how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my self
To my own self as a thief?

Alu. I told you this,
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall
To your old tricks again.

Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers Curse upon it; Oh! Alupis
Thou hast done worse than murdered me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curst wit hurt all, but most its Master;
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.
Thou'st all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way.

Before

Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Alu. Poor Shepherd ! I begin to pity him.
I'll see if I can comfort him ; *Palamon*,—

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,
And troubled thoughts are my companions,
Those I had rather entertain than thee,
If you choose this way let me go the other,
And in both parts distracted error, thee
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me.

[Exit.

Alu. Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a Lover,
Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst,
I would not meet with two such creatures more
For any good, they without doubt would put me,
If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,
Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.

Well ; I must find some plot yet to salve this,
Because I have engaged my wit in the business,
And 'twould be a greater Scandal to the City,
If I who have spent my means there, should not be
Able to cheat these Shepherds. How now, how now,
Have we more distressed Lovers here ? [Enter Aphron.

Aph. No, I'm a mad-man.

Alu. I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,
I thought thee little better.

Aph. Better, why ?

Can there be any better than a mad-man ?
I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,
Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be
A very mad-man.

Alu. A good resolution !

'Tis as genteel a course as you can take,
I have known great ones have not been ashamed of't :
But what cause pray drove you into this humor ?

Aph. Why a Mistress,
And such a beauteous one ——— dost thou see no body ?
She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars
And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,
Such was her beauty here, — sure there do lie
A thousand vapors in thy sleepy eyes,
Dost thou not see her yet ? nor yet ? nor yet ?

Alu. No in good troth.

Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,
Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology.
Let me instruct thee,

Alu. Prithee do, for thou
Art in an admirable case to teach now.

Aph. I'll shew thee first all the celestial signs,
And to begin, look on that horned head,

Alu. Whose is't ? *Jupiters* ?

Aph. No 'tis the Ram ;

Next

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did
The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Aph. And then,
Yonder's the sign of *Gemini*, dost see't?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters
Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother
To beget Reformatations.

Aph. And there sits *Capricorn*.

Alu. A Welchman, is't not?

Aph. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his feet were sleepy, there, d'ye mark it?

Alu. I, I, Aldermanlike awalking after Dinner,
His paunch o'ercharg'd with Capon and with White-broth.

Aph. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night,
They would be all too little, see'st thou *Virgo*?

Alu. No by my troth, there are so few on Earth,
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,
Than only one.

Aph. That was my Mistress once, but is of late
Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory,
And adds new Ornaments to the wondring Heavens.
Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing
Without her presence to give life and being?
If there be any hill whose lofty top
Nature has made contiguous with Heaven,
Tho it be steep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,
Tho arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,
And all the other Soldiers of Misery,
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Alu. I prithee do, for amongst all the beasts
That help to make up the Celestial Signs,
There's a Calf wanting yet.

Aph. But stay——

Alu. Nay, I have learnt enough Astrology.

Aph. Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,
'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want
Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?
And when I am come thither, I will snatch
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down
To thee for a reward.

Alu. No doubt you will;
But you shall need no victuals, when you have ended
Your toilsom journey, kill the Ram you talk of,
And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

Aph. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,

And drown it in those waters it avoids,
 And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*
 And make them to sit down in spight of nature;
 I'll meet with *Charles* his Wain and overturn't,
 And break the wheels of't, till *Böotes* start
 For fear, and grow more slow than e'er he was.

Alu. By this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon,
 Here's words indeed would fright a Conjuror,
 'Tis pity that these huge Gigantick speeches
 Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,
 For none would understand them, I could wish
 Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.

Aph. I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Castor*,
 When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,
 And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,
 Take his sting out and fling it to the earth.

Alu. To me good Sir,
 It may perhaps raise me a great Estate
 With shewing't up and down for Pence apiece.

Aph. *Alcides* freed the earth from savage Monsters,
 And I will free the Heavens, and be call'd
Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

Alu. A brave Castilian name,

Aph. 'Tis a hard task,
 But if that fellow did so much by strength,
 I may well do't arm'd both with Love and Fury.

Alu. Of which thou hast enough.

Aph. Farewel thou rat.

The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

Alu. Farewel

Don Hercules Alcides de secundo.

If thou scar'ft any, 'twill be by that name.
 This is a wonderful rare fellow, and
 I like his humour mightily——who's here?

Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!
 How many Crows has she out-liv'd? sure death
 Has quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*
 I must invent some trick to help *Palæmon*.

Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,
 But I have got a better present now,
 My own Ring made of good Ebony,
 Which a young handsom Shepherd bestowed on me
 Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,
 I was a handsome Lads, I was in those days.

Alu. I, so thou wert, I'll warrant; here's good sign of't,
 Now I'll begin the Work, Reverend *Truga*,
 Whose very Autumn shows how glorious
 The spring time of your Youth was——

Tru. Are you come

To put your mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confess indeed my former speeches
Have been too rude and saucy ; I have flung
Mad jests too wildly at you ; but considering
The reverence which is due to age and vertue,
I have repented, will you see my tears ?
And believe them : Oh for an Onion now !
Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha !

[*Aside.*

Tru. Alas good soul ! I do forgive you truly ;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and vertue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me
If I say love.

Tru. I, I, with all my heart,
But do you speak sincerely?

Alu. Oh ! it grieves me
That you should doubt it, what I spake before
Were Lyes, the off-spring of a foolish rashness,
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,
Which in spite of time still flourish.

Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourscore years. Am I a *January* now ?
How do you think ? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day,
I know you did but jest.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes)
How you belye your age—for—let me see—
A man would take you—let me see—for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)
Not a jot more I swear.

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look something fresh indeed this morning.
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'll not go perhaps ; this fellow is
As handsom quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I should scorn him.

[*Aside.*

Alu. I have something here
Which I wou'd fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your Licence.

Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do ; now, now.

Alu. The comely Gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you still seem lovely, hath so stricken me—

Tru. Alas good soul ! I must seem coy at first,
But not too long, for fear I shou'd quite lose him.

Alu. That I shall perish utterly, unless
Your gentle nature help me.

Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am past those vanities of Love.

Alu. Oh no!
Wife nature which preserv'd your life till now
Doth it because you shou'd enjoy these pleasures
Which do belong to life, if you deny me,
I am undone.

Tru. Well you shou'd not win me
But that I am loth to be held the cause
Of any young mans ruin, do not think it
My want of chastity, but my good-nature
Which wou'd see no one hurt.

Alu. Ah pretty soul!
How supple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague oft,
Let's then joyn our hearts, and seal them with a kiss.

[*Aside.*

Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere Incivility to be your Debtor,
I'll give you back again your kiss, Sweet-heart,
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll see you;
My Husband will be gone to sell some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep, till then:
Farewel good Duck.

[*Offers to go.*
[*Turns back.*

But do you hear, because you shall remember
To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance
To see't; Farewel Duck.

Alu. Lest her Husband chance
To see't: she can't deny this, here's enough;
My Scene of Love is done then; is she gone?
I'll call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:

Tru. Why do you call me, Duck?

Alu. Only to ask one foolish question of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?

Tru. Yes, you know I have.

Alu. And do you love him?

Tru. Why d'ye ask? I do.

Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold.

Tru. Rather than see you perish in your flames.

Alu. Why, art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet hast no more discretion but to think
That I cou'd love thee? ha, ha, ha, wert mine,
I'd sell thee to some Gardner, thou wou'dst serve
To scare away the Thieves as well as Crows.

Tru. Oh, you're disposed to jest I see, Farewel.

Alu. Nay, I'm in very earnest; I love you!
Why thy face is a vizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

Alu. 'Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,
And that's almost a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of such a Colour are, that they themselves
Scare one another, and do stand at distance;
Thy Skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones,
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black,
That a wild Centaur wou'd not meddle with thee:
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time
Has made thee more ridiculous.

Tru. Base Villain, is this your Love?
Give me my Ring again.

Alu. No, no; soft there:
I intend to bestow it on your Husband;
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

Tru. What shall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon,
Your Husband will be selling of some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but silent of this, good *Alupis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then shew the Ring, and tell the passages
'Twixt you and me.

Tru. Alas! I am undone.

Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough,
Since I behold your penitential tears;
I'll propose this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palamon*
This day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear
Never to mention what has past betwixt us,
If not——you know what follows——take your Choice.

Tru. I'll do my best endeavour.

Alu. Go make hast then,
You know your time's but short, then use it well: [*Exit Truga.*]
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit.
I'll go and thrust it forward, if it take,

*I'll sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilst we may.
The End of the third Act.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Callidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

Cal. **P**Ray follow me no more, methinks that modesty
Which is so lively painted in your face,
Shou'd prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bell. I shou'd love those fears,
And call them hopes, cou'd I perswade my self
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;
Prithee leave me; If thou dost hope success
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

[To *Florellus*.

Flo. If Love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because Love forces me without resistance
To do the same to you?

Bell. Love shou'd not grow
So subtil as to play with arguments.

Flo. Love shou'd not be an enemy to Reason.

Cal. To Love is of itself a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness,

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

Flo. Not to love is of itself a kind of hardness,
But not to love him who has always woo'd you
With chaste desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Flo. Why do you flie from him that follows you?

Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you.

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

Bell. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow
Of the least Wrinkle which sat there before;
So when the waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror scatter'd,
Drop down again in tears.

Bell. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him all my passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow

Of any Cloud which cover'd it before ;
So when the ravishing Nightingale has run'd
Her mournful notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in disdain
With a rude Whistle leaves her.

Cl. We're all three
Unhappy ; born to be the proud example
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness,
Let us not call upon our selves those miseries
Which Love has not, and those it has, bear bravely,
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,
Where one word seems to contradict another,
They are Loves Nonsense, wrapt up in thick clouds,
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtless 'twill ; till then let us endure,
And sound a Parlee to our Passions.

Bell. We may joyn hands tho, may we not ?

Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not ?

Bell. We may, come let's sit down and talk.

Cal. And look upon each other.

Flo. Then kiss again.

Bell. Then look.

Cal. Then talk again.

What are we like ? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our smile.

Flo. We are the *Trigon* in Loves Hemisphere,

Bell. We are three strings on *Venus* dainti'st Lute,
Where all three hinder one anothers Musick,
Yet all three joyn and make one Harmony.

Cal. We are three flow'rs of *Venus* dainty Garden,
Where all three hinder one anothers Odor,
Yet all three joyn, and make one Nosegay up.

Flo. Come let us kiss again.

Bell. And look.

Cal. And talk.

Flo. Nay rather sing, your Lips are Natures Organs,
And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

Cal. Pray do.

Bell. Tho I forfeit
My little skill in singing to your wit,
Yet I will do't since you command.

SONG.

*It is a punishment to love,
And not to love a punishment doth prove ;
But of all pains there's no such pain,
As 'tis to love and not be lov'd again.*

*Till sixteen, Parents we obey,
After sixteen, Men steal our hearts away:
How wretched are we women grown,
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne'er our own!*

Cal. Thank you.

Flo. For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* silent,
Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,
Who drew all to him by his harmony,
Thou wouldst have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rise?

Bell. If it please you, I will.

Cal. I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken
Much with the serious trifles of their passion.
Let's go and see, if we can break this net
In which we all are caught; if any man
Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Loves Riddle*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ægon, Palæmon, Alupis.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honest *Ægon*,

Alu. And what am I?

Pal. My self, my soul, my friend,
Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,
Thee for inventing't, thee for putting it
In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?

Alu. Hold! why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,
Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast,
Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you,
If't will; if that will not neither, I can tell you
What will I'm sure, a Halter.

Then sing, &c.—

Æg. Come, shall we knock?

Alu. I, do; *For'tis, &c.—*

Æg. Ho *Truga*; who's within there?

Alu. You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected
Some hundred years ago, you that intend
To live till you turn *Skeleton*, and make
All men weary of you but *Physicians*,
Pox on you, will you come?

Enter Truga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

Alu. Oh, in good time,
Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready
To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,
Look here, do you know this Ring?

Tru. Hark aside, I pray,
You have not told these, have you?

Alu. No, good Duck,
I only told them that your mind was altered,
And that you lik'd *Palæmon*; so we three

Came

Came here to plot the means.

Tru. So, so, you're welcom,
Will you go in and talk about it?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hylace,

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother shou'd invite
Alupis and *Palæmon* into th' House:

She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
Which she herself was of but yesterday,
Besides, as soon as they came in, she bid me
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
By your good favour Mother, I must be
For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

Enter Truga, Palæmon, Ægon, Alupis.

Æg. Come I'll tell you,
You know your Husband has refused *Palæmon*,
Because his means were not unequal only
To his desires, but to your Daughters Portion;
To salve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,
I'll promise that *Palæmon* shall be made
My Heir.

Tru. Alas, he knows you have a Daughter.

Æg. It is reported she is fain in Love
With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem
To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear
E'er to acknowledg her for child of mine,

Tru. 'Tis very well;
It grieves me truly that *Palæmon* shou'd——

Alu. Perish in his own flames; is't not so *Truga*?
I know you're gentle; and your peevish Daughter
Had not her Cruelty from you, good soul.

Pal. Why do we stay? each minute that we lose to you is only
A minute, but to me a day at least,
Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus*?
Why is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,
Methinks he should have given consent ere this,
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*
Married together?

Hyl. Soft good hasty Lover,
I shall quite break the neck of your large hopes,
Or I'm mistaken much.

Æg. Come let's be gone
Truga, Farewel. Be silent and assistant.

Alu. Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

Tru. I'll warrant you I am not to be taught
At this age, I thank *Pan*, in such a business.
Farewel all.

[*Exeant.*]

Alu. Come sing, &c.

Hyl. I know not whether grief or else amazement
Seizeth me most, to see my aged Mother
Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,

O

But

But when I think with what an unfear'd Blow
I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in Laughter, Fate helps the Innocent,
Altho my Mother's false, the Gods are true.

[Exit.

Enter Clariana and her Maid.

Cla. Did you command the Servants to withdraw?

Ma. I did forsooth.

Cla. And have you shut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.

Cla. Is there none can over-hear our talk?

Ma. Your curious inquiry much amazeth me,
And I cou'd wish you wou'd excuse my boldness
If I shou'd ask the Reason.

Cla. Thou knowst well
That thou hast found me always liker to
Thy Kinswoman than Mistress, that thy Breast
Has been the Cabinet of all my secrets,
This I tell thee, not as an exprobaton,
But because I must require thy Faith
And counsel here. And therefore prithee swear——

Ma. Swear, to do what?

Cla. To be more silent than the dead of night,
And to thy power to help me.

Ma. Wou'd my power
To assist you were as ready as my will,
And for my Tongue, that Mistress I'll condemn
Unto perpetual silence, ere it shall
Betray the smallest word that you commit to't.
By all——

Cla. Nay do not swear. I will not wrong thy vertue
To bind it with an Oath, I'll tell thee all;
Doth not my face seem paler than 'twas wont?
Doth not my eye look as it borrow'd flame
From my fond heart? cou'd not my frequent weepings,
My sudden sighs, and abrupt speeches tell thee
What I am grown?

Ma. You are the same you were,
Or else my eyes are lyars.

Cla. No, I'm a wretched Lover; couldst thou not
Read that out of my blushes? fie upon thee;
Thou art a novice in Loves School I see;
Trust me I envy at thy Ignorance,
Thou canst not find out *Cupid's* Characters
In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

Ma. Wou'd you durst trust me with his name,
Sure he had Charms about him that might tempt
Chast Votaries, or move a *Scythian* Rock
When he shot fire into your chaster Breast.

Cla. I am asham'd to tell thee, prithee guess him.

Ma. Why 'tis impossible.

Cla. Thou saw'st the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought

Brought in to be my guest.

Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is.

Cla. Thou shalt know all ;

The freshness of the morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had lost my Brother, that one thought
Like circles in the Water begat many,
Those and the pleasant verdure of the Fields
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either fear or modesty
Else would have suffered me, beneath an Oak
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,
And was itself alone almost a Wood,
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,
Crying aloud for either food or sleep,
And knocking his white hand against the ground,
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,
Pity, and fear, both proper to us Women,
Drove my feet back far swifter than they went.
When I came home, I took two Servants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,
And with such cheer as then the House afforded,
Replenish'd him, he was much mended suddenly,
Is now a sleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his senses perfect.

Ma. You did shew

In this, what never was a stranger to you,
Much piety ; but wander from your subject :
You have not yet discover'd, who it is
Deserves your Love.

Cla. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou dost not use in other things to be so ;
Why I love him ; his name I cannot tell thee ;
For 'tis my great unhappiness to be
Still ignorant of that my self. He comes,
Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst choose.

Ma. You need not fear't forsooth. [Enter Aphron.

Cla. Leave me alone with him ; withdraw.

Ma. I do. [Exit Maid.

Aph. Where am I now ? under the Northern Pole
Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground
And glazeth up the floods ? or where the Sun
With neighbouring rays breaks the divided earth,
And drinks the Rivers up ? or do I sleep ?
Is't not some foolish dream deludes my fancy ?
Who am I ? I begin to question that.
Was not my Country Sicily ? my name
Call'd Apron, wretched Aphron ?

Cla. Ye good Gods
Forbid ; is this that man who was the cause

Of all the grief for *Callidora's* loss ?
 Is this the man that I so oft have curst ?
 Now I could almost hate him, and methinks
 He is not quite so handsom as he was ;
 And yet alas he is, tho by his means
 My Brother is gone from me, and Heav'n knows
 If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,
 I cannot chuse but love him.

Aph. Cheat me not good eyes,
 What Woman, or what Angel do I see ?
 Oh stay, and let me worship ere thou goest ;
 Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty
 Commands me to believe, or else some mortal
 Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
 Because I know the Gods all hate me so,
 They would not look upon me.

Cla. Spare these titles,
 I am a wretched Woman, who for pity
 (Alas that I should pity ! t'had been better
 That I had been remorseless) brought you hither,
 Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods,
 Your senses are recover'd.

[*Afide.*

Aph. My good Angel !
 I do remember now that I was mad
 For want of meat and sleep, thrice did the Sun
 Chear all the World but me, thrice did the night
 With silent and bewitching darkness give
 A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*.
 The Fish, the Beasts, the Birds, the smallest creatures
 And the most despicable snor'd securely.
 The aguish head of every tree by *Æolus*
 Was rock'd asleep, and shook as if it nodded.
 The crooked Mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,
 The very Rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
 Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon and I,
 Paler than she ; grief wedded to this toil,
 What else could it beget but frantickness ?
 But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
 Swims not as it was wont ; Oh brightest Virgin
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,
 And if I do't nor, let an eternal Phrenzy,
 Immediately seize on me.

Cla. Alas ! 'twas only
 My love, and if you will reward me for't,
 Pay that I lent you, I'll require no interest,
 The Principal's enough.

Aph. You speak in mists.

Cla. You're loth perhaps to understand.

Aph. If you intend that I should love and honour you,
 I do by all the Gods.

Cla. But

Cla. But I am covetous in my demands,
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises
Which only touch the lips ; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which so I gave to you.

Aph. Ha ! you amaze me,
Oh ! You have spoken something worse than Lightning,
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have those Passions
Fighting within me, which I must obey.
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle ;
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.

Cla. You cannot love me then ?

Aph. I do, I swear,
Above my self I do : my self ! what said I ?
Alas ! that's nothing ; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora*.

Cla. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will ;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora*.

[*Exit.*

Aph. When I do not, may I forget my self,
Would I were mad again ; then I might rave
With privilege, I should not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To lose the Senses, Than be tortur'd by them:
Where is she gone ? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman !
Can any one love me ? ye cruel Gods
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable ?
Must I make others so too ? I'll go in
And comfort her ; alas ! how can I tho ?
I'll grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Alupis, Melarnus, Truga, Palamon, Ægon.*

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second argument against me.

Mel. Come no matter for that:
Yes, I could wish you were left eloquent,
You have a vice called Poesie which much
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

Alu. Alas ! he'll leave that streight
When he has got but money ; he that swims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

Besides,

Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom should he woo, to praise her comely Feature,
Her skin like falling Snow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roses (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praises) Oh ! those Vanities,
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistress,
Are by a Mistress first begot, and left
When they leave her.

Pal. Why do you think that Poésie
An art which even the Gods——

Alu. Pox on your arts,
Let him think what he will ; what's that to us ?

Æg. Well I would gladly have an answer of you,
Since I have made *Palæmon* here my son,
If you conceive your daughter is so good,
We will not press you, but seek out some other
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

Pal. Which is impossible——

Alu. Rot on your possibles——
Thy mouth like a crackt Fiddle never sounds
But out of Tune ; come, *Truga* put in, *Truga*,
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

Tru. Yes, yes, I do ; do you hear sweet-heart ?
Are you mad to fling away a Fortune
That's thrust upon you, you know *Ægon's* rich.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thrust upon me ! I would fain see any man
Thrust ought upon me ; But's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intended to do.
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me !

Pal. Come, what say you *Melarnus* ?

Mel. What say I ? 'tis no matter what I say,
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any,
And not to you ; but no matter for that ;
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palæmon* ?

Tru. I Duck, he says he will.

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so.

Æg. I will, and here do openly protest,
That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)
Thinks her self wiser than her father is,
And will be governed rather by her Passions
Than by the Square that I prescribe to her,
That I will never count her as my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, see but What 'tis
To have me for a Tutor in these Rogueries.

Mel. But tell me now, good neighbour, what estate
Do you intend to give him ?

Æg. That estate
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too?

Æg. Yes, every thing.

Mel. The Horses too?

Æg. I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Bean-straw:

You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harnes for the Horses, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what else? but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palæmon*'s an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.

Æg. Well, since we are both agreed, why do we stay here?
I know *Palæmon* longs t' embrace his *Hylace*.

Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:

Come *Truga*. [Exeunt *Melarnus* and *Truga*.

Æg. Come on then, let's not stay too long in trifling,
Palæmon go, and prepare your self against the time.
I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Lest this unwelcom news shou'd too much grieve her,
Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do; and I'll go study
Some new-found way to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

For 'tis but a folly,

To be melancholy, &c.

Enter Florellus.

Whilst *Callidorus* lives I cannot love thee.
These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;
Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these
Require no gentler med'cine; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and says I am too dull,
Too slow in his command; and yet I will not,
These hands are Virgins yet, unstain'd with Villany,
Shall I begin to teach them? —methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak
Against my Passions. Piety! —

'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*
I durst be wicked, tho I saw *Joves* hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,
(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow
To fright Boys and Old-women) farewel Conscience,
Go and be strong in other petty things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers make use of thee,
Not else: and yet,—what shall I do or say?
I see the better way, and know 'tis better,
Yet still this devious error draws me backward.

So when contrary winds rush out and meet,
And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury,
The waves swell into Mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent sport,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes sport of every thing,
See one mans fate how it excels another,
He can sit, and pass away the day in jollity,
My musick is my sighs, whilst tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a most rare posture!
How the good soul folds in his arms! he dreams
Sure that he hugs his Mistriss now, for that
Is his disease without all doubt; so, good!
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat
Over his Eyes; so, so, good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
Is careful, and intends to water his sheep
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Dost thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,
Fond Swain?

Alu. I see nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jeer those who are Fates May-game
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both sin,
And folly too; our life is so uncertain
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou mayst act that part, to day thou laughst at.

Alu. I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never
Practis'd this Posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my Musick is my sighs
Whilst tears keep time.

Flo. You take to great a Licence to your wit;
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so:
And it deserves my pity more than anger.
Else you shou'd find that Blows are heavier far
Than the most studied jests you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but Labour lost to beat me,
All will not teach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull Rogue, and so
Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
To talk thus saucily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone,
And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts
Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's

Here's no body desires to rob you of them.
I would have left your company without bidding,
'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,
And therefore hate the posture ever since.
D'ye hear ? I'm going to a wedding now ;
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard-hearted Mistris with you too,
Perhaps I may perswade her, and tell her
Your Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.
Will you not go ? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.
Now have at thee *Melarnis* ; For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

[Exit.

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd ; She is hard
As Rock which suffer the continual siege
Of Sea and Wind against them ; but I will
Win her, or lose (which I should gladly do)
My self : my self ? why so I have already :
Ho ! who hath found *Florellus* ? he is lost,
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
(Who having miss'd me, do by this time search
Each corner for to find me) Oh ! *Florellus*,
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. **T**HE gods convert these *Omens* into good,
And mock my fears ; thrice in the very threshold,
Without its Masters leave my foot still,
Thrice in the way it stumbled.

Ala. Thrice, and thrice
You were a fool then for observing it.
Why these are follies that the young years of *Truga*
Did hardly know ; are they not vanish'd yet ?

Pal. Blame not my fear : that's *Cupid's* usher always ;
Tho *Hylace* were now in my embraces,
I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to stumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may ; yet if I were one
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold —

Pal. Alas ! That was not all, as I came by

P

The

The Oak to *Faunus* sacred, where the Shepherds
Exercise rural sports on Festivals,
On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow
Foretold some ill to happen.

Æg. And because Crows
Foretel wet weather, you interpret it
The rain of your own eyes ; but leave these tricks
And let me advise you.

Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.

Mel. Well come, no matter for that ; I do believe thee, girl,
And would they have such sport with vexing me !
But's no matter for that ; I'll vex them for't,
I know your fiery Lover will be here strait,
But I shall cool him ; but come, no matter for that :
Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

Æg. Here comes *Melarnus*.

Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well.

Æg. *Melarnus*, opportunely : we are acoming
Just now unto you ?

Mel. Yes, very likely ; would you have spoken with me ?

Æg. Spoken with you ?

Why, are you mad ? have you forgot your promise ?

Mel. My promise ? oh ! 'tis true, I said indeed
I would go with you to day to sell some Kine ;
Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. I am amaz'd ; good *Ægon* speak to him.

Alu. By this good light,
I see no likelihood of any marriage,
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither ;
A rot upon your Beasts ; is *Hylace* ready ?

Mel. It's no matter for that ; who's there ? *Alupis* ?
Give me thy hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry fellow,
I have not seen thee here these many days,
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit.
Was not I here less than an hour ago
With *Ægon*, when you made the match ?

Mel. Oh ! then you'll go along with us,
Faith do ; for you will make us very merry.

Alu. I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.

Mel. Oh no ! you'll make you sport with vexing me.
But mum ; no matter for that neither : there
I bob'd him privately, I think.

[*Aside.*

Æg. Come, what's the business ?

Alu. The business ? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the Herbs that grow in *Anticyra*.

Æg. You see we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come.

Mel. Your Son ! good lack !
I thought, I swear, you had no other child

Besides

Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

Æg. Nay, then
I see you are dispos'd to make us fools, ———
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Son and Heir ?

Alu. Did not you examine
Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should
Adopt some other heir to the Cheese-presses,
The milking pails, the Cream-bowls ? did you not ?

Mel. In troth 'tis well ; but where is *Bellula* ?

Æg. Nay, prithee leave these tricks, and tell me
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready ?

Mel. Ready ? what else ? she's to be married presently
To a young Shepherd ; but's no matter for that.

Pal. That's I, hence tears ;
Attend upon the infancy of Love,
She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I ; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this ?

Mel. *Hylace, Hylace*, come forth,
Here are some come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome.

Pal. The light appears, just like the rising Sun,
When o'er yon hill it peeps, and with a draught
Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast
The night of all my sorrows flies any,
Quite banish'd with her sight !

Hyl. Did you call for me ?

Mel. Is *Dametas* come ? fie, how slow he is
At such a time ? but it's no matter for that ;
Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly ? oh ! bright *Hylace*,
That blessed hour by me so often begg'd,
By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching.

Mel. What, how now ? what do you kiss her [Exit *Hyl.*
If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous,
But 'tis a parting kiss, and so in manners
She cannot deny it you ; but it's no matter for that.

Alu. How !

Mel. What do you wonder at ?
Why do you think, as soon as they are married,
Dametas such a fool, to let his Wife
Be kiss'd by every body ?

Pal. How now *Dametas* ?
Why what hath he to do with her ?

Mel. Ha, ha !
What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife ?
Good : 'tis no matter for that tho ; he knows what.

Æg. You mean *Palæmon* sure, ha, do you not ?

Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.
Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in

And see my Daughters Wedding, it you please,
 To dance with us; *Dametas* sure will thank ye;
 Pray bring your Son and heir *Palæmon* with you,
Bellula's cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,
 But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
 I thought you would have had most excellent sport
 With abusing poor *Melarus*, that same coxcomb,
 For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,
Ægon hath cheated him, *Palæmon* is
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
 But it's no matter for that; farewell genteels,
 Or if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome,
 Will you *Palæmon*? 'tis your Mistris Wedding,
 I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
 No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
 Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.

Æg. How now? what are you both dumb? both thunder-struck?
 This was your plot *Alupis*.

Alu. I'll begin.

May his Sheep rot, and he for want of food
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit
 To abuse any man, may he never speak
 More sense than he did now; and may he never
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course
 And brightness too, ere *Hylace* her Chastity.
 Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,
 Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;
 And that shall be some comfort to my ghost
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

Alu. May a disease seize upon all his Cattle,
 And a far worse on him, till he at last
 Be carried to some Hospital i'th' City,
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for experience.
 And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him,
 May the earth lye gentle on him—that the dogs
 May tear him up the easier.

Æg. A curse upon thee!
 And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded
 My Conscience, and my Reputation too:
 With what face can I look on the other Swains?
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke
 My Faith thus openly?

Pal. A curse upon thee,

This

This is the second time that thy persuasions
Made me not only fool, but wicked too ;
I should have died in quiet else, and known
No other wound, but that of her denial ;
Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palæmon* ;
But yet methinks you might have chose some other
For Subject of your mirth, not me.

Æg. Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder
Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three
And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if she
Betray'd us, I —) if this, I say, had prospered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it in Act ; foolish men
That do not mark the thing but the event !
Your judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reason.

Æg. Do'st thou upbraid us too ?

Pal. First make us wretched,
And then laugh at us ? believe, *Alupis*,
Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy Villany.

Alu. My Villany ? do what ye can : you're fools,
And there's an end ; I'll talk with you no more,
I had as good speak reason to the wind
As you, that can but hiss at it.

Æg. We will do more ; *Palæmon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfy.

Alu. Which he will never do ; nay, go and plod,
Your two wise brains will invent certainly
Politick gins to catch me in.

[*Exeunt.*

And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find
That thou art guilty ; mum — I have a Ring —
Palæmon, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*.

Are all against me ? no great matter : hang care,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bellula.

This way my *Callidorus* went, what change
Hath snatch'd him from my sight ? how shall I find him ?
How shall I find my self, now I have lost him ?
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out.

[*Exit.*

Enter Callidorus and Florellus,

Cal. Come, now your business.

Flo. 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me ! it must be then some wickedness,
I am accusom'd so to misery,
That cannot do't.

Flo. Oh ! 'tis a sin, young man,
A sin which every one shall wonder at,

None

None not condemn, if ever it be known :
 Methinks my blood shrinks back into my veins,
 And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.
 Do not my eyes creep back into their cells ;
 As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darkness,
 Than either night or death to cover them ?
 Doth not my face look black and horrid too ?
 As black and horrid as my thoughts ? ha ! tell me.

Cal. I am a novice in all villanies,
 If your intent be such, dismiss me, pray,
 My nature is more easie to discover
 Than help you ; so farewell.

Flo. Yet stay a little longer ; you must stay ;
 You are an actor in this Tragedy.

Cal. What would you do ?

Flo. Alas ! I would do nothing ; but I must —

Cal. What must you do ?

Flo. I must — Love thou hast got the Victory —
 Kill thee.

Cal. Who me ? you do but jest,
 I should believe you, if I could tell how
 To frame a cause, or think on any injury
 Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

Flo. Oh no ! there's all the wickedness, they may seem
 To find excuse for their abhorred fact ;
 That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them ;
 Because thou art so good, so affable,
 So full of graces, both of mind and body,
 Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,
 Because whilst thou art living *Bellula*
 Protested she would never be anothers,
 Therefore I kill thee.

Cal. Had I been your Rival
 You might have had some cause ; cause did I say ?
 You might have had pretence for such a villany :
 He who unjustly kills is twice a Murtherer.

Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a murtherer.

Cal. Call not that Love that's ill ; 'tis only fury.

Flo. Fury in ills is half excusable :
 Therefore prepare thy self ; if any sin
 (Tho I believe thy hot and flourishing youth
 As innocent as other mens nativities)
 Hath flung a spot upon thy purer Conscience,
 Wash it in some few tears.

Cal. Are you resolved to be so cruel ?

Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my self.

Cal. As sick men do their beds, so have I yet
 Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble :
 I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
 And am almost worn out with often playing ;

And

And therefore I would entertain my death
As some good friend whose coming I expected ;
Where it not that my Parents —

Flo. Here; see, I do not come [*Draws two Swords*
Like a foul Murtherer to entrap you falsly, *from under his*
Take your own choice, and then defend your self. *garment and of-*

Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so, *fers one to Cal.*
Altho my strength and courage call me Woman,
I will not die like Sheep without resistance ;
If Innocence be guard sufficient,
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spreading tree
Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

Cal. I am.

Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand
Were strong enough ; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory,
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty
Against my self ; but *Bellula* — — come on.

[*Fight.*

Enter Philistue.

This is the Wood adjoyning to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Sister, to remain till my return ;
Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows ?
Tho it be in vain I'll seek ; to him that doth
Propose no Journeys end, no path's amiss.
Why how now ? what do you mean? for shame part, *Shepherds,*
I thought you honest Shepherds, had not had [*Sees them*
So much of Court and City Follies in you. *fighting.*

Flo. 'Tis *Philistus* ; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to see how black and horrid
My attempt was ; how much unlike *Florellus* :
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

Phil. 'Twould be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

Cal. 'Tis he : why do I doubt? most willingly,
And my self too, best man ; now kill me Shepherd — [*Swoons.*

Phil. What do you mean ;
Rise, prithee rise ; sure you have wounded him,

Enter Bellula.

Deceive me not good eyes ; what do I see ?
My *Callidorus* dead ? 'Tis impossible!
Who is it that lies slain there ? are you dumb ?
Who is't I pray ?

Flo. Fair Mistris —

Bell. Pish, Fair Mistris, —

I ask who 'tis ; if it be *Callidorus* —

Phil. Was his name *Callidorus* ? it is strange,

Bell. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain,

Wake

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
 That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*;
 Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for shame,
 Have you no charity? Oh my *Callidorus*;
 Speak but one word——

Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,
 Why do yo envy me this little rest?

Bell. No; I will follow thee.

[Swoons

Flo. O help, help quickly,
 What do you mean; your *Callidorus* lives.

Bell. *Callidorus*!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,
 Look up a little: wretched as I am,
 I am the cause of all this ill.

Phil. What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells
 Close by this place, let's hast to bring them thither,
 But let's be sudden.

Flo. As wing'd lightning is.
 Come *Bellula* in spight of Fortune now
 I do imbrace thee.

Phil. I did protest without my *Callidora*
 Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'ercome.

Bell. Where am I?

Flo. Where I could always wish thee: in those arms
 Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,
 Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philistus* well?

Phil. How should he know my name, 'tis to me a riddle,
 Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in,
 Make hast now with your Burthen.

[Exeunt.

Flo. With what ease should I go always were I burthened thus?

Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*,
 Who having mis'd the Beauteous *Callidora*,
 Hath undertook a long and hopeles Journey
 To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,
 Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows
 When she'll return, or if she do, what then?
 Lambs will make Peace, and joyn themselves with Wolves
 Ere she with me, worse than a Wolf to her:
 Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?
 How dare I look upon her after this?
 Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
 And *Clariana* shall henceforth—— but yet
 How fair she was! what then! so's *Clariana*;
 What graces did she dart on all beholders!
 She did; but so do's *Clariana* too,
 She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,
 What then? she was as hard too; *Clariana*
 Is pure and white as *Ericina*'s Doves,

And

And is as soft, as gallestoo as they
Her pity sav'd my life, and did restore
My wandring Senses, if I should not love her,
I were far madder now, than when she found me,
I will go in and render up my self,
For her most faithful servant.

Wonderful!

[Exit. Enter again.

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Prisoner :
In these two Chambers ; what can she intend ?
No matter, she intends no hurt I'm sure,
I'll patiently expect her coming to me.

[Exit.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodaia*, *Clariana*, *Florellus*, *Callidora*,
Bellula, *Philistus*.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd !
Ha, ha ! methinks it makes me young again.
My Daughter and my Son meet here together !
Philistus with them too ! that we should come
To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.
Nay, when we thought we'd lost *Florellus* too,
To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.

Spa. I thought I never should have seen thee more
My *Callidora* ; come wench ; now let's hear
The story of your flight and life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do happy Mistress, for the recordation
Of fore-past ills, makes us the sweetlier relish
Our present good.

Cal. Of *Aphron's* love to me, and my antipathy
Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too
How guarded with his love, or rather fury,
And some few men, he broke into our House
With resolution to make me the prey
Of his wild lust.

Spa. I. there's a villain now ; oh ! that I had him here.

Cl. Oh ! say not so :

The crimes which Lovers for their Mistress act,
Bear both the weight and stamp Piety.

Dem. Come girl ; go on, go on. His wild lust —

Cl. What sudden fear shook me, you may imagine ;
What should I do ? you both were out of Town,
And most of th' servants at that time gone with you.
I on the sudden found a Corner out,
And hid my self, till they, wearied with searching,
Quitted the House, but fearing lest they should
Attempt the same again ere you return,
I took with me money and other necessaries ;
And in a Sute my Brother left behind
Disguis'd my self : thus to the Woods I went,
Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,
I by his help was furnish'd, and made Shepherd.

Spa. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always

Q

A wit-

A witty wench.

Dem. Pish, pish : and made a Shepherd ———

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

Phi. Why so did all besides I'll warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, tho they were my Rivals.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much desire
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilst I enjoy'd this life, t' enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that name she's known) sought to take me
Out of the way as a partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the fields
We two were struggling, (him his strength defending
And me my innocence.

Flo. I am asham'd to look upon their faces.
What shall I say ? my guilt's above excuse.

Cal. *Philistus* ; as if the Gods had all agreed
To make him mine, just at the nick came in
And parted us ; with sudden joy I swooned,
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then
She came to seek me) sudden grief did force
The same effect from her, which joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,
Where being straight recovered to our selves,
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

Spo. The Gods be thank'd.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, you have all, Sir.

Dem. Where's that Shepherd ?

Flo. Here.

Dem. Here, where ?

Flo. Here, your unhappy Son's the man ; for her
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her sake
I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a sin of malice,
'Twas not begot by Lust, but sacred Love ;
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

Dem. You should have used some other means, *Florellus*.

Cal. Alas ! 'twas the Gods Will Sir, without that
I had been undiscovered yet ; *Philistus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,
You groaning for our loss, upon this wheel
All our felicity is turn'd.

Spo. Alas you have forgot the power of love, sweet-heart.

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your desire,
You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps
'lease you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

Flo. They marry not, but sell themselves t'a Wife,

Whom

Whom the large dowry tempt, and take more pleasure
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.
Let them whom nature bestows nothing on,
Seek to patch up their wants by Parents plenty;
The beautiful, the chaste, the virtuous.
Her self alone is portion to her self.

Enter Ægon.

By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.
Oh! are you there? 'tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,
I do conjure you Father, by the love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The match betwixt us now, or if you will not
Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me,
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
Or else not know my misery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what ill may happen, Husband,
Come, let him have her, you have means enough
For him, the wench is fair, and if her face
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,
Altho not stock.

Æg. I do not like this stragling, come along,
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold intrusion.

Cla. You're very welcome.
What are you going *Bellula*? pray stay,
Tho nature contradicts our love, I hope
That I may have your Friendship.

Flo. *Bellula*!

Bell. My Father calls; farewell; your name, and memory
In spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one word
Upon your faithful servant? do not all
My griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,
Deserve, farewell *Florellus*?

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd ere while
To say you honour'd me with the next place
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now
I should be first: do you repent your sentence?
Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion still,
But must obey my Father.

Æg. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her self; if constancy
And love be meritorious, I deserve her.
Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,
Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since it must be so, I'll bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken
 With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
 Him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it
 Be made a match immediately, we shall
 Expect no other dowry than her Vertue.

Æg. Which only I can promise; for her Fortune
 Is beneath you so far, that I could almost
 Suspect your words, but that you seem more noble.
 How now, what say you girl?

Bell. I only do depend upon your Will.

Æg. And I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune.
 Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

Alu. The Gods bless you.

Flo. They have don't already.

Æg. Lest you should think when time, and oft enjoying
 Hath dull'd the point, and Edge of your affection,
 That you have wrong'd your self and Family,
 By marring one whose very name, a Shepherdess,
 Might fling some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
 She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

Flo. How! you speak mistick wonders.

Æg. I speak truths Sir,
 Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
 I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out
 Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,
 And, which her very dressing might declare,
 Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
 I asked her who had used her so inhumanely:
 She answered me, *Turkish* Pyrates; and withal
 Desired me to look unto the Child,
 For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,
 His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.
 Her as I could, I caused to be buried,
 But brought home the little girl with me,
 Where by my Wives perswasions we agreed,
 Because the Gods had bless'd us with no issue,
 To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
 Whom now you see, your Wife, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible?

Flo. Her manners shew'd her noble.

Æg. I call the Gods to witness, this is true.
 And for the farther testimony of it,
 I have yet kept at home the furniture,
 And the rich Mantle which she then was wrapt in,
 Which now perhaps may serve for some good use
 Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is *Aphron's* Sister then, for just
 About the time he mentions, I remember,
 The Governour of *Pachinus*, then his Father,

Told me that certain Pyrates of *Argier*
Had broke into his house, and stoln from thence
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,
Who being after taken, and executed,
Their last confession was, that they indeed
Wounded the Nurse, but she fled with the Child,
Whilst they were busie searching for more prey ;
Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

Cla. Then now I'm sure Sir, you would gladly pardon
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter ;
Since Fortune hath joyn'd both of you by Kindred.

Dem. Most willingly.

Spo. I, I, alas ! 'twas Love.

Flo. Where should we find him out ?

Cla. 'Ill save that labour.

[*Exit* *Clariana*.

Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd ? and the rest
Of my good Sylvan friends ? methings I would
Fain take my leave of them.

Æg. I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help
The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palemon*,
'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them.

[*Exit*.

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*

Aph. Ha ! whither have you led me *Clariana* ?
Some steepy Mountain bury me alive,
Or Rock intomb me in its stony entrails :
Whom do I see ?

Cla. Why do you stare, my *Aphron* ?
They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come *Aphron*, welcome,
We have forgot the Wrong you did my Daughter,
The name of Love hath cover'd all ; this is
A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*.
'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the Rascal. [*Aside*.

Aph. I know not what to say ; do you all pardon me ?
I have done wrong to you all, yea, to all those
That have a share in Virtue. Can ye pardon me ?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin ?
You I have injur'd most : with love,
With saucy love, which I henceforth recall,
And will look on you with an adoration,
Not with desire hereafter ; tell me, pray,
Doth any man yet call you his ?

Cal. Yes ; *Philistus*.

Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.
The Gods make ye both happy : fool, as I am,
You are at the height already of felicity,
To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity ; you shall not find me
Your Rival any more, though I confess
I honor her, and will for ever do so.

Clariana, I am so much unworthy

Of thy Love. That —

Cl. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I should say so
Of my own self,

Phil. How Sister ? are you two so near upon a match ?

Aph. In our hearts Sir,

We are already joyn'd ; it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,
Stile you his Brother ?

Phi. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a day indeed ; sure *Hymen* now
Means to spend all his Torches.

Dem. 'Tis my Son, Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not.

Dem. Had you not a Sister ?

Aph. I had Sir ; but where now she is none knows,
Besides the Gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurse scap'd with her from the hands,
Of Turkish Pyrates that beset the House ?

Aph. It is Sir.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus* ; this is she, you shall be
Inform'd of all the circumstances anon.

Aph. 'Tis impossible.
I shall be made too happy on the sudden.
My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine !

Come not too thick, good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Palæmon*.

Cal. Shepherds, you're welcome all ; tho I have lost
Your good Society, I hope I shall not
Your Friendship and best wishes.

Æg. Nay, here's wonders ;
Now *Callidorus* is found out, a Woman,
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earnest what before I jest'd,
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Heir.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha !

Come it's no matter for that ; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks ?
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !
Alas ! She's married to *Damætas*.

Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

Hyl. Hence.

Hy. Henceforth I must not love, but honour you—to *Callidora*.

Æg. By all the Gods I will.

Tru. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing?

Æg. Of every thing; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here that since
I have no child to take care for; I will make
Palæmon heir to those small means the Gods
Have bless'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace*:

Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his Sureties.

Mel. *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palæmon*? can you love him?
H'as our consents, but it's no matter for that,
If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hy. Why do I doubt fond Girl? she's now a woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

Hy. My duty binds me not to be averse
To what likes you. —

Mel. Why take her then *Palæmon*, she's yours for ever.

Pal. With far more joy

Than I would do the wealth of both the *Indies*:

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*.

We're freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,

And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest

When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to seek a Woman,
That hath out-liv'd the memory of her youth,
With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,
With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch
Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if they should
Meet her at midnight.

Oh! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;

Come hither, my she *Nestor*, pretty *Truga*,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

Tru. Why? are you not ashamed to abuse me thus,
Before this company?

Alu. I have something more;
I come to shew the Ring before them all;
How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?

Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;
She told me so; but they are married now.

Alu. What do you think to flamm me? why ho! here's news.

Pal. *Alupis*, art thou there? forgive my anger,
I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,
Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too.

Thou

Thou shalt know all anon.

Tru. *Alupis*, give me —

Alu. Well rather than be troubled —

Æg. *Alupis* welcome, now w' are friends I hope ;
Give me your hand.

Mel. And me.

Alu. With all my heart,
I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.

Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care
I owe for many favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily ; here's every body
Pair'd of a sudden ; when shall's see you married ?

Alu. Me ? when there are no ropes to hang my self,
No rocks to break my neck down ; I abhor

To live in a perpetual Belfery ;
I never could abide to have a Master

Much less a Mistress, and I will not marry,
Because, *I'll sing away the day,*

For 'tis but a folly to be melancholy,
I'll be merry whilst I may.

Phi. You're welcome all, and I desire you all
To be my Guests to day ; a Wedding Dinner,

Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have.
Come will ye walk in, Gentlemen ?

Dem. Yes, yes.

What crosses have ye born before ye joyn'd !

What Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port !

Thus Lovers do, ere they are Crown'd by Fates
With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.

FINIS.

Scena *Dunkerka.*

Dramatis Personæ.

G Nomicus.
Gelafimus.
Morion.

Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Suppositivus filius Polypori.

Bombardomachides,
Eucomissa.
Ægle.
Plecas.
Æmylio.

Miles.
Filia Bombardom.
Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis soror.
Ancilla Eucomissæ.
Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.

Calliphanes, P.
Calliphanes, F.

Senex.
Ejus filius, Ægles amafius.

Polyporus.
Academicus 1.
Academicus 2.
Mulier.
Bajuli 2.

Mercator Anglus.

Personæ mutæ.
Lorarii 2.
Bajulus.
Exorcista.

P R O-

PROLOGUS.

EXi foras inepte ; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam ?
Exi, inquam, inepte : aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc ?
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puerò.
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
Illius ergò causâ, finite exorator siem
Ut nequis Poëtæ vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
Nisi fari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.
Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem poscite ; non est, Spectatores optimi,
Adulta res, sed puerilis, Ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum ?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram ?
Favete & huic Flori, Ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentindò occidat.

ACTUS

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *A L U P I S*.

T *H E* Author bid me tell you--faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas ; and I'm a very slave,
If I know what to say ; but only this,
Be merry ; That my Counsel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his Brow, and say
'Tis foolish : why ? 'twas a Boy made the Play ;
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,
Be merry ; give me your hands, and I'll believe.
Or if you will not I'll go in, and see,
If I can turn the Author's mind with me
To sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be Melancholy,
Since that can't mend the Play.

N A U-

Naufragium Joculare: COMOEDIA.

Publicè coram ACADEMICIS Acta,

IN

Collegio SS. & Individuæ Trinitatis,

4^o Nonas Feb. Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

Mart. — — *Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.*



L O N D I N I:

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Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

Domino D. C O M B E R,

Decano *Carleolensi* colendissimo, & Collegii SS.

& Individuæ *Trinitatis* Magistro Vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum : quonam temeraria pagina tendis,

Auratâ nimum facta superba togâ?

Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;

Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.

I, pete, sollicitos quos rædia docta Scholarum,

Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.

Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in fin.

Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum.

Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabis;

Setonius, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?

I, pete Caussidicos : poteris sic culta videri,

Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.

Fallor : post ignoramum gens cautior ille est;

Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.

I, pete Lectorem nullum ; sic salva latebis ;

Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.

Limine ab hoc caveas : Procul ô, procul ito profana.

Diffimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.

Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,

Non alia illius sancta lucerna vider.

Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pænè timenda,

Et Flavum attollit sic veneranda caput.

At scio, quid dices : Nostros Academia lusus

Spectavit ; nugæ tùm placuere meæ.

Pagina stulta nimis ! Granta est Hic altera solus ;

Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.

Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire :

(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)

Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ

Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,

Viventi auspiciū quod sibi vellet idem.

Non peto ut ista probes ; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,

Sunt, fateor ; Puerum sed satis illa decent.

Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,

Si Socius tandem fit, meliora dabit.

Vestri Favoris Studiofissimus,

ABR. COWLEY.

Ad Lectorem.

NON sum nescius quanto cum periculo emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sim; tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comœdiæ, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maximè placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola, ita ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) pænè ab infantia nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusus meos; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ventum est ut hornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ ætate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admisi? Quod si crimen quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum causâ tam insolens fierem.

Vale.

Nau-

Naufragium Joculare :

COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon.

[*Celeusma intus.*]

Siquidem adaptantur humeris o-
nera, huc me actutum Sequi-
mini: Ego vobis prospiciam;
nimium hi nautæ attrectant pi-
cem manibus: Mirum herclè
est quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funi-
bus Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè
complicant. Ut clamant modò! Sufurra-
re præ his *Tempestatem* diceres. Gratias ha-
beo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare.
Utrumq; est æque turbulentum, & ad ad-
spectum utriusq; vomeres. Itaq; incolumem
hic te videre, seridò lætor, *Dinon*: *Polyporus*
huc me misit *Hærus*, cum Filio simul Ejusq;
sodali, ut euntibus servirem peregrè Quo-
rum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrâ quæri-
tat, Alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret
strenuè. Hos ducit quasi *Tutor* eorum *Gno-*
micus, ita homo, Qui rectè si saperent stul-
tos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina,
atq; sententias loquitur carnifex: Vix sole-
as, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poetâ abutitur.
Hem *Dinon*, vin' tu homini stulto auscultare
mihi? Succentuti jam nunc gnaviter in corde
Sycophantias: Nam si bolus iste tantus eri-
piatur ex faucibus, Nunquam iterum occa-
sio dabitur, fortunatus ut lies. Ignota regio,
heri stolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dinon*.
Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens.
Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui con-
credidit. Atq; eccos ipsos de nâvi; eccum
autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnificè infert sese!
gradiri *Jambum* crederes, Concedam istuc:
hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sarcinas?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus, Morion, Gelasimus, Dinon.

Gno. Quod felix faustumq; sit (quâ for-
mulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ
Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à *Virgilio* nostro
poetarum omnium facile principe, Quem
ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum
digitum, aut unguem latum excedamus,
ut pulchrè in proverbio.

Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum
meum.

Gno. Dixisses potius tuum, Nam hoc esset
more *Aulico*.

Mor. Imò utrumque, mi Tutor *Gnomica*,
[*Dinon, Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quæ-
nam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis
nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra in-
cognita.

Din. Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

Ba. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diversori-
am, ego ostendam locum.

Gno. Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod *Simo*
senex in *Comœdiâ*, Vos istac intro auferte;
abite; *Dinon*, sequare. Non, paucis te volo.

Mor. *Dinon*, st! ego paucis te volo. Me-
mento de vino bono.

Din. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi
potius est, quam in hac re animo tuo obsequi.

Mor. St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos
mihi *Bajuli*.

Baj. Quid est quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de sarcinulis, Ne quassæ sint
vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

Baj. Numnam insunt vitra?

S

Mor.

Mor. Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

[*Exeunt Dinon Bajuli.*

Gno. Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiā nauatarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

[*Celestina intus.*

Mor. O muscos homines! utinam ego essem navita: Vix me abstineo quin clammem.

[*Clamat.*

Gelasime, quid tu tristis es?

Gno. Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelasime*?

Gel. Egon' tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de naturâ maris. Cui Dii Deaq; malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, satis, satis, satis, satis est.

Gno. *Gelasime*, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

Gel. Amara res est oh! benè est, quod meipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus, Et est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

Mor. Hei, ho! ohime!

Gno. Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mor. Totus contremisco cum de rebelante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabularis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô fumen! hæc omnia infelix perdidit. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

Gno. Quis talia fando Marmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet à lacrymis? video certè rectè dicta à veteribus.

Πῆς, ὕδωρ, γυνή, τέλει κακὰ.

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mor. Præterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certè, me nimis malè habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul prospeximus: Continuo ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit longulè! Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod Post nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimâq; alia commodè à veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem reminisci.

Mor. Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cælum irem ingratis.

Gno. Jam-jam tacturos sidera summa putes, sed ehortu, adeon' vero metuis ἀποδύσθαι?

Mor. Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: ἀποδύσθαι?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, Præ timore, ne sub Ponti Marmore sepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in τῷ Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

Mor. Dii te perdant adeo in omni sermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' verò? tunc maledicis ingenio meo?

Mor. Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium *Gelasime*, vitium est.

Gno. Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, mœstumq; timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Proverbio.

Mor. Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi arridet hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur Ut sustineas animum si nunquam patrem sis visurus denuo?

Mor. Hercle vero latin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoria? Perquam molesta res est Pater, sed ni fallor non semper vivunt senes.

Gel. Video me frustra esse. necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atq; adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

Gel. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne diversorium? Ibiq; omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

Mor. Imo illic bibamus strenue.

Gel. Rectè, & post illa faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Faciesne adolescens carmina; At non constabunt tibi Pedes posteaquam strenuè biberis, intellextin' *Gelasime*, quod verlim per pedes annon?

Gel. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob istuc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem pravortissem te, Et certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillaribus, Carmina— tibi pedes— biberis— Ha, ha, ha, he: [scribit.]

Mor. Næ istos omnes jocos Dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuisssem, nisi quod diem malè amisisssem.

Gno. Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in Poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi

nisi potus ad arma profiluit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphoricè & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

Gel. Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius *Polipori* natus maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos instituiam optimis secundum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atq; edicam Formulas. Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æquè ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.

Mor. Longè hercle melius. [Exeunt.]

Scena Tertia.

Emilio.

Em. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, Meque ipse dum contem-
plor magis continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Ne illi vestitu solent esse ac istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi Quod hisce ego vestibus commodare non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me dutescat: sed intereà temporis Dii vestram fidem! quid mihi faciendum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo? Qui possim, nisi fortè Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum herclè omen est auspiciari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicit aliquis, bono ingenio es. adjuuge animum Poeticæ: Quamobrem vero? adeone parùm inops sum, ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via est ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, Unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituiam? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quàm Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præstare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundem est mihi. Labet me-

hercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquî intendenda est in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

Emilio, Dinon.

Em. Sed quis hic homo est, qui sermonem nostrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Morion* cum Tutore *Gnomico*, Ejusdem farinae homine & *Gelasimo* æquali suo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optimè, Hæc ego nisi emungam aliquî pecuniâ, Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives est, Nescit quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

Em. Ædèpol servum graphicum! ex amussim sententiam meam Locutus est adeò: hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinquâ parte amicitia.

Din. Age *Dinon*.

Em. Oh, idne tibi nomen est?

Din. Nunc Specimen specitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretii.

Em. A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineam diutius, Ita hominem amo perditè. *Dinon*, salve, gaudeo sanè, quandoquidem huc salvus veneris, Valuisti usque?

Din. Quænam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste conjecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum, potius hostium, Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Em. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*. Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchrè os oblinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nosti meum?

Em. Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita sentio.

Em. Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, stipitem, asinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodie usque ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ita depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, Quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

Em. Quasi verò oblivisci potis sis, facetus es, *Dinon*. [amplectitur.]

Din. Non non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

Am. Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Din. Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

Am. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' mordebam verò? id servuli faciunt tui.

Am. Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

Din. Falsum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est. Ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, Adeò difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

Am. Æstivè tectus sum de industria: sudor me enecat.

Din. Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum, In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forsitan ad sepulturam dunt, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Am. Nolo obsonare vermes.

Din. Quam pediculos satius est. Obsecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaq; gerit linteï Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.

Am. Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Din. Iste galerus jam cribrum est. Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.

Am. Admitti solem volo: quæso an id invides?

Din. Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

Am. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si serio faceres——

Din. Quid tum?

Am. Acciperem joco.

Din. Ædepol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui sis, revortar tibi.

Am. Obsecro, num amicum deferis? quid faciam? *Din.* Te ipsum pensilem.

Am. Da igitur drachmam, non placet

ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In Morionum herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxisti, ne nega; induxti, scio, Hanc si devolvas mihimet Provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, Ut revera me dicas postea necessarium tum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunos istic locus est, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modestiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; præhendero, ut oppidò se tactos credant modo si consperim.

Din. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valdè cautio est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Am. Idem à te caveo, *Dinon*, Nam prope adstitisti: salva res, nihil nactus es.

Din. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum isthoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem, Ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? *Am.* *Emylioni*.

Din. Tum bene *Emylion* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò jusjurandum te fidelem fore?

Am. Do deo testes: quæso cui mortaliū Præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi ætatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

Din. In via tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istoccine Ornatu, mi *Emylion*?

Am. Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi videor satis basilicè?

Din. Ut voles, esto: satin' ex improvviso tandem amicitia tanta ista est?

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem!

Am. Meus Pilades!

Din. Orestes meus!

Am. Meus—— *ὦ δὲ ἀπὸ μὲν ἡμῶν ἴσ'!*

Din. Mitte tricas, I præ, sequar.

Am. Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi Pilades? Peregrino semper——

Din. Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere, tibi herclè locum cedo, tu major nebulo es.

Am. Eamus ergo simul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas eamus. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

Gn. Uti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ secundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hun:

hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, ἀπὸ τοῦ πλάστος dictus! sic Horatius Diem condere, & ὁ ποιητής Latii per excellentiam, Jamq; diem clauto componit vesp̄er Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam dies mortua est Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si volt. *Puer*, cedo vinum. Hum— nullumne magi' vetus?

Pu. Illicò, Illicò. [bibit.] Nullus est in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, Si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non sum ego Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam, [bibit.]

Pu. Et scintillulat, quasi—

Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortassis hoc præstat— certè scintillat probè. [bibit.] Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum melius— da Tutori, *Puer*. [bibit.]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hic & illic simul.

Gel. Obstupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi sis

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adestum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Ge. Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocus in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper maſto infortunio. Hominem tetigi jocus quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo Rosæ. [scribit.]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelasime*. Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuiq; pudoris. Adi sis propius: quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput, Nescis derivari ἀνδραπὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀνὸ ἀδρῆν; Pronaq; cum spectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere; ita joco interfeci modo. Euge *Gelasime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocus vinum: quid horas bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cæcubum, atque audin'? ne sit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namq; hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocus in Rosam.

Mo. Puer revertere sis: Fac poculum te ipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

Scena Sexta.

Emylio iisdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fidicinem: Abi cum cantiunculis novis.

Am. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ quærites: vinum non bibunt, Nisi fortè in Principis natali cum ex canalibus funditur.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem furciferule.—

Pu. Illico; illico. [Exit.]

Am. Salvere vos plurimùm jubet amicus voster vetus: Et vivos valentesque huc advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc fortasse vestis insolentia Ut fugiat vos memoria qui sim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius dictum reor.

Am. At vestrum ego & memini & semper faciam ut meminero. Nam *Morionis* patri *Polyporo* jam olim summus fui, Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonâ memoriâ es: didicisse artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) invenisse dicitur *Simonides*.

Am. *Gelasime* salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve *Morion*.

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ) abierunt peregrè?

Am. Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Ædepol vestes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

Am. Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, *Gelasime*, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iste proculdubiò, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

Am. Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos Pyrii pulveris objectu est natibus?

Gel. O

Gel. O bellum quasi minimè bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios plusquam cide vilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoriâ? Pudet obliuisci familiaris tam malè, Ne superbum dicat, affimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

Am. Ut valet uxor *Polypori*? ut senectutem fert?

Gel. Quasi injuriam Malè; Si centum peregrini adsint Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [Scribit.]

Gno. Ohe! jam satis est, nunc salve, amico optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non possem prius.

Gel. Nostin' verò, Tutor, seriò? dic nomen obsecro.

Gno. Nomen? quasi— vorfatur mihi in labris primoribus.

Am. Perii: nomen amisi: oh! *Peripolemarchus* est.

Gno. Dii boni! ita est profectò: sæpè obliuiscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mor. Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! *Periplo—Periplome—* Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ita dirisi modò.

Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Puer. [Subt.] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquantur asparagi, En, age segnes Rumpere moras.

Am. Prædam habeo: Salvus sum: tres hœce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter ficcamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumfer tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. *Peripolemarche*, pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrisset! [cantio.]

Gno. Hem, *Morion*, clauduntur lumina somno?

Mor. Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihili.

Gel. Madet pol *Morion*.

Mor. Madeon' *Gelasime*? An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium *Peripolemarchides*.

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus — hic illius arma Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnufex. Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem—porrige mihi poculum. Amicè, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumque cano — [bibit.]

Mor. Benè habet: ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium.

Din. Horunce hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam strenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum: hilarem Sumemus diem, atq; amœnum: Ebrietatem sitio.

Am. Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

Mor. Ego non ebrius *Gelasime*.

Gel. Neque ego.

Mor. Neque ego.

Gel. Benè igitur; salutem tibi.

Mor. Enimveiò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mor. Tun' magis?

Gel. Inquam magis.

Mor. Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus hem! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ita te amo *Morion*.

Mor. O *Gelasime*!

Gel. O *Morion*!

Gno. Move manus ocyus; [Exit Puer]

[*Dinon* intus sonitum facit & celeusma.] Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mor. Dii vostram fidem! tempestatem magnam! eamus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempestatem verò! certo certius turbo exortus est, Ità vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, stridorq; rudentum! Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus fui? hem! curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulum, Tempestas increbrescit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos! Perimus, navis periit, ad extrema se paret quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

Am. *Dinonis* illa vox est; Eugepæ! factum est optimè.

Gno. Apparent adhuc fidera: hic Pol-lux, illic Castor est. [ad lucernas]

Am.

Am. Hem! naulere, naulere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

Din. Vix horæ dimidium; periimus!

Mor. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

Am. Adesdum, adesdum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non joculari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mor. Non possum pati me mori.

[*genu flectit.*]

O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit*] Madui quoties! [*bibit*] Quoties scortatus sum! [*bibit*] Nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*bibit*] abi sis uter miser.

[*frangit.*]

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

Gno. Maximè:

O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mœni-
Contigit oppetere. (bus altis.

Pu. Ecquid nos vocastis?

Am. Dii te perdant, ita inopportunè huc te conjicis. Abi sis furcifer. [*extrudit.*]

Gno. Quod fit?

Am. Rogas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adstitit?

Gel. Non, erat piscis magnus.

Am. Piscis?

Gel. Piscis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis Socii.

Mor. O mortem — quid faciam?

Obsecro atque oro vos pisces mihi parcite. Ego filius sum *Polypori* natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Periimus, ho! socii, periimus, absorbet nos mare, [*dejecit.*]

Jam, jam absorbet, periimus.

Gn. O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime *Comicus*. O *Peripolemarche*, quæso duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

[*Detrudit in cellam Bombard.*]

Mor. Valetè; ego jam moriar. [*cadit.*]

Din. Ha, ha, ha! Dii vestram fidem rem venustam & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit isthæc fabrica.

Am. St! si! *Dinon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt; [*Dinon descendit.*]

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Puer ingreditur.

Pu. Non, non, non; representabam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis oculos spoliatur, & dat Puero pecuniam.*]

Am. Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*]

Am. O Jovem, cæterosque cœlites!

[*Tollunt Morionem.*]

Necesse est risu spectatores emorier,

Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam quispiam. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon, Amylio habitu Morionis.

Din. *Amylio*, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum inquam *Amylio*: Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

Am. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem feram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præstitisti, hem manum ad oscula.

Din. Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Am. Siquidem herclè ingeras, faxo mi-

hi os esse senseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias, Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Din. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Amylio*.

Am. Ego Comes *Amylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Amylio*, respondeas velim.

Am. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, audacter loquere.

Din.

Din. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo: Nunc te, scripsisti literas ad Polyporum?

Am. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis majoribus impediti, sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

Din. Exemplar literarum ad Polyporum videre velim, Jamne audis?

Am. Hum! Literarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

Din. Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, nisi mittas has tricas.

Am. Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has inquam, ocyus.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duosque amicos; servo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale.

Dux Bombardomachides.

Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit

Bombardomachides?

Am. Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Din. Avi sinistrâ hæc res procedit, atq; ex sententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Am. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*.

Tu custodem; barbam induas, atq; ornamenta cætera.

[*Induit.*

Hem istuc ocyus: jam Custos purus putus es. Abi, atq; educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi & armis: hic vos operibor, abi.

[*Exit Dinon.*

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pene metuo: ne personatus *Bombardo*. [ornat se. *machides* Verum *Amylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, *Chlamis*? Efficiam ut rectius sedeas: Hei! isthæctiara'it, *Pyramis*. Exadificabo cum hac caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

Gno. Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

[*Intus.*

Gel. Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnam quemadmodum, Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Din. Strenuissimè omnium.

Gel. Certè: nisi multum me fallit memoria.

Mor. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur sæpè fortissimi;

Tutor, bono animo es.

Gno. Maximè: nam dictum est verissimè. In re malâ animo si bono utare, juvat.

Din. Sequimini, [Exit.

Am. Adsumt; ego nondum comparebo.

Scena Secunda.

Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion
(habitu *Amylionis*.)

Mor. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum *Morion*.

Gno. Quid ais?

Mor. Per Deos Immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat benè.

Gno. De cælo descendit γῶδι σταντὸν, Noscis teipsum.

Mor. Non, non, non novi meherculè.

Gno. Quis igitur es?

Mor. Quomodo ego scire possim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mor. Sûmne? benè habet: sed unde hæ vestes, *Gelasime*?

Gel. Sane nescio.

Mor. Nescis *Gelasime*? an hoc sufficit! quid ego respondeam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

Gno. Non equidem invideo, miror magis—

Mor. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per isthæc foramina.

Gel. Quasi fenestras habet.

Mor. Fenestras! imò fores: habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi!

Gel. Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices propemodum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes perdidici.

Gno. Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcoci ingenii, inquit Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ita comptè loquor in miseris? Jam licet tibi verè dicere *Gelasime*. Ingenio perii Naso Poeta meo.

Din. Nisi aliter vobis visum est accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

Gno. Imò; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem, quaritis, adsum, Trojus *Æneas*.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

Din. Expectant te; cave sis titubes; atq; audin' etiam? Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

Am. Pish: vultum in manu habeo.

Amylio.

Gel. Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

Gno. Ora humerosq; Deo similis!

Mor. Totus horreo tremoq; ego statim vomam.

Am.

Am. Tonitru cum hostes vicinus feros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra frangi nescit, at flecti potest.

Gno. O quem te memorem, Miles, namq, haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certé!

Am. Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit, Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

Am. Ob hoc *Polyporo* celerem misi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

Gno. *Mecænas* Atavis edite Regibus, O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterum reviviscam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.

Gel. Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter *Hyæna* (mirum) ex mare in foeminam migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando jocis præfero.

Am. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

Mor. Ego? servustuus —

Am. Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

Mor. Favoris tui studiosissimus.

Am. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natus maximus patris mei Ego.

Am. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

Am. Frustrâ sum: tuum?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelasmi*.

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assentari possum magis. [*Scribit*] Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto nonas *Feb.*

Am. Tuum.

Gno. Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere nostrum Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq, refugit Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

Am. Fac serve officium: rursus revertar intrò. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus est.

Mor. Non respondebam illi rusticè *Gela-*

sime. Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licet indigeam vestium.

Din. Placetne hinc vos? *Gel.* Quo?

Din. Unde educti.

Gel. In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricosam obsecro? Quam ego *Orci* januam per jocum nominavi modo.

Din. Scilicet; donec vos *Polyporus*.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam si diutiùs hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gno. *Plautus* Comœdiam scripsit, cui *Captivi* titulus. Vates ô *Plaute* fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum est. Nos jam *Captivi*. *Διὸς δ' ἐπελάετο βουλῆ.*

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revortere sis ocyùs Tutor.

Gno. Quid est?

Mor. Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus fodes.

Scena Tertia.

Amylis, Dinon.

Am. Absumptus sum planissimè: *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ.

Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo, quâ me consoler miserum.

Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet.

Incertum est quid agam, ita isthæc res subitaria est.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; inquam *Dinon*.

Intrat Dinon.

Din. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Am. Qui possim? modò in viâ —

Din. *Bombardomachidem*?

Am. Dixti. Nullus sum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obsecro?

Am. Quid adest: vix punctum temporis ad consilium datur.

Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Din. Inò pistrinum, fustes, vincula: isthæc ne loquatur plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Am. Hum! nimium hoc calidum est: inò si erit —

Dinon, ita facito.

Din. Quid?

Am. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Am. Ad summam domum ascendas ocyùs, & continuo ubi ille in ædes se penetravit, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellexit?) quasi esses *Dæmon* aliquis.

T

Din.

Din. Quamobrem?

Am. Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo: sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

Am. Duobus his inquam oculis: molestus es.

Din. Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem.

[Exit.]

Am. Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui hominem.

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Amylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?

Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine
Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris
Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum!
O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dei.
Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

Am. Non opus est; manedum, & ego
te ludam satis: Hum— plenum id pericli
est—hanc prius insistam viam.

Bom. Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede,
Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quærit si-
bi?

[*Am. pul/at.*]

Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ
Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velit
sciam.

Am. Expergiscere ensis: teque ad offi-
cium para: Nam fartum ex milite faciam,
& comedam postea.

Bom. O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus
nemore,

Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo,
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?

Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum,
Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet,
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

Am. Quis istic? hem! revortere, si
malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus
tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo,
falleris.

Am. Proh deos, deasque omnes! men'
falli dicis.

Bom. Non dico; at magni sæpè fallun-
tur viri. Iratus ne sis; ira nam res est mala.

Am. Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Non novi.

Am. At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cælum, & cæli faces non no-
tum est mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injura-
tam gero.

Am. Sed nosti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo.

Imò fortè novi, & non novi forsitan,
Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

Am. Itane coram in os inimicum laudas
meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir
bonus.

Am. Rectè animum tuum advertis ad
animum meum.

Si has in ædes intrâ mensem se conficiat,
Ita inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas,
Ut istum perpetuo locum pejus angue, o-
derit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar: periculum sapi-
ens fugit.

Am. Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata
quid facit?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit? — faciem vidi
prius —

Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquando
bonum est.

Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum?
Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,
Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
Eripiat oculis?

Am. Occisa res est, perii.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; valuistin' usq;
athleticè?

Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic
erat dolus.

Am. Nunc homini subpalpabor: expe-
riri volui, Utrum istoc sub ornatu satis de-
litescerem, Tu nosti usque in initio quan-
quam dissimulasti sedulò, Operam profectò
ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum
Jovem, Sed in jocantes rursusolari placet.

Am. Scio, sed ubi est *Eucomissa*, & soror
mea?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari
virgines?

Am. Quid hic sermones cædimus: ibo
illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur do-
mum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Am. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt
gentium?

Bom. Domi.

Am. Quid? annon mensis est cum
nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Define: joculari nolo.

Am. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Sa-
tin' oblitus fui; adeò mihi nunc jam res ve-
tus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, ma-
lorum Geniorum isthac habitatio est. Quo-
tidiè colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacry-
mant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos
sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, si, quæ
monstra hic fiunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem mirum: nulla quam
credet

credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

Am. Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumicapite non eram, Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuistin'? non oportuit servum meum Metuisse quicquam?

Am. Rectè, si esset similis tui. Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, fax uti omnia ipsius audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus istoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Am. Vellem meherculè te testem hujus rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atq; huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est. Abeas—*Amylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

Am. Id scio: obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

Am. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna perniciies adest. Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, Sed rapior: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phœbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque ruptum merferis cœlo Diem.

Din. [*Supra.*] Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Tûq; O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Amylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas, Bombard. Servus.

Am. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Sicali rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio seges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' ego?

Agl. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle*, dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. *Psecas*, quin *Psecas*, inquam, furda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam

quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Quâ facie erant *Psecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caminâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac— & clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Agl. O mirum! tota trepido

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illicò fugere.

Eu. Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

Eu. O, jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio videre istos Cacodæmones.

Pf. Imò si magis noveris *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Psecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit—

Eu. Quid? Eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illicò.

Agl. Profectò hic ipse' est Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

Pf. Imò sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumq; etiam animalium, Imò novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atq; inde evenire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis, Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atq; illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cœnam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere spectra.

Agl. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius.

Amylio, Eucomissa, &c.

Agl. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Psecas* Tam viri similem.

Agl. At ego ne Jovem prætero in seferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihil est.

Cal. p. *Bombardomachides* salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias: sed multus animo occur-
sat dolor, En alta muri decora, & conge-
stas trabes, Ut omnis latè splendet infelix
domus! Quicunque regno fidit, & magnâ
potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit
Deos Me videat & te Domus.

Cal. p. Quid ait *Amylio*?

Am. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est,
id dolet.

Cal. p. Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [*utitur spec.*
Nulla hic video *Amylio*.

Am. At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

Cal. f. Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ
domo: superest illic locus.

Cal. p. Nunquam vidi melius consilium
dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides*? Potes ibi
opportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum
dare.

Bom. Consilium bonum est, animoque
arridet meo.

Cal. f. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin'
ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras,
adeft.

Cal. f. Latere miror posse tam diu sidera.
[*Osculatur.*

Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul
Hunc esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum
abfui: Condonate Amore cæco, vos si con-
spexi minus.

Eu. Si nunquam conspicias postea lu-
benter tamen condonabimus, Misericordes
omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

Ag. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? imò
oculis nimium vales, Quod nec est, nec
futurum est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

Cal. f. Imò *Egle* verum dixi! nam si cœli
facibus Formosum nondum nomen impone-
retur siderum, Propter similitudinem quan-
dam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant.

Pf. O Diana! toto corde amo has con-
fabulatiunculas.

Bom. *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum
est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta concul-
cavi loca Asiæq, Europæq, Americæ atq,
Africæ, Aliasque terræ partes quas taceo
sciens.

Cal. p. Memini idem accidere olim cum
essem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Gram-
maticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum!
quingagesimo secundo—hum? non con-
venit numerus, O—quingagesimo tertio—
is profectò annus est.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras,
& malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut
voles.

Eu. Aperi sis ostium *Amylio*.

Am. Perii in perpetuum modum, Ni-

miò nimis metuo ut sint isti probi Cacodæ-
mones. Sane es? credin' illos aspectui tuo
objici perperam?

Eu. Num loquuntur?

Am. Satis id quidem: sed horrendum
in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.

Eu. Disputabit cum illis *Psecas*.

Pf. Parata sum satis *Amylio*, ante hoc
temporis disputavi cum Dæmone.

Am. Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdu-
bio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas,
tubas & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pf. Itane me accipis indignis modis?
nunquid cristas erigis De illis vestimentis?
amabo, unde habes, mi *Amylio*.

Am. Pish, dicam tibi cum sit otium.
Quid ais *Calliphanes*?

Cal. f. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi sis.

Cal. p. Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

Am. Dii te filicernium—Unum pedem
in Charontis cymbâ habet (secum) Et al-
tero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios?

Bom. Ha!

Cal. f. Nihil est: crepuerunt fores.

Ag. Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

Dim. Oho, oho, oho, Urite, fundite,
tundite, vertite domum. [*Suprà.*

Bom. Oho, oh—valere: & timeatis ni-
hil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non sustineo tot timidos fi-
mul. [*Exit Bom.*

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est,
Psecas.

Ag. Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*.

Gno. Flectere si nequeam superos, Ache-
ronta movebo. [*Subt.*

Cal. f. O Poeticum Dæmon!

Ag. Est furiosissimus omnium procul-
dubio.

Cal. p. Mira sunt: nunquam vidi tale quid,
nisi anno abhinc quingagesimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto sum in Barathro.

[*Subter.*

Eu. O *Psecas*, quid faciam?

Pf. Quid? faciam periculum in disputa-
tione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon?

Am. Itane ineptè stulta es? cave ne te
rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pf. Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos
effodiam Carnifici.

Gno. Ζεὺς πατήρ, ἰδὼν μὲν οὐκ ᾔδει, μίσην,
καὶ πόταιμοι, καὶ γὰρ αἱ καὶ οἱ ὠκιστοὶ καὶ ἄλλοι,
τῶν μάλιστα ἐστὶν.

Pf. Immo etsi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego
bene intelligo.

Am. Abi sis stulta: Græcum & hæc tibi.

Dim. Oho meretrix!

Pf.

Pf. O scelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Æm. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.

Æg. O Venus! nihilne vides *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Maxime: ubi est?

Æg. Ingentem, nigrum Urfum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum caudâ Ignæ.

Cal. f. Ubi est? ego nihil planè.

Æm. Nihil? circumspice: ut scintillant oculi! *Pfecæ* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Pf. Oh!

Cal. p. Quid aiunt *Æmylio*?

Æm. Ingentem belluam illic—— vide modo.

Cal. p. Ubi sunt specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illicò. [*Sonitus sup.*

Eu. O *Ægle*! cedo manum & fugiamus. [*Exeunt.*

[*Infra sonant Catenæ.*]

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exoculer bone Cacodæmon. [*Exit.*

Din. Venio: urite, fundite, fundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [*Descendit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. AGE, incipe *Dinon*.

Din. Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

I.

Æm. Purgate cerebrum, Medici O insani,
Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani,
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum missi, postea morbi.
Doctrina cepit ægrotare,
Et Sese voluit expurgare:
Tum vestrum quidam vomitu per ora
Existis, quidam per Posteriora:
Sic natos, via est inventa,
Ut vos nutrent Excrementa.
Nos melius homines evacuamus,
Et loculis Clystèrium damus.

Am. O sacram rem! scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

II.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,
Fam vobis longa facta est Vacatio.
Vestri parentes lucigarunt
Tunc cum vosmet generarunt,
O vos miseros si uxores
Similis vestri essent oris!
At suos multæ Clientes habuerunt
Tunc vestras causas alii egerunt.
Rectè nam nulli velint haberi
Causidicorum filii veri,

Fam vobis fallere Lege ne sit curæ,
Sed fallite nobiscum Jure.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

III.

Æm. Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymista,
Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet ista,
Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt
Omnes Philosophi eguerunt.
Quem fore reris divitem
Per Philosophicum lapidem?
Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:
Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis?
Hunc sapiens coquet, distillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex syderibus quæris cursum Fati?
Prudentium gratia stulti nati.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

IV.

Din. Præteritorum, Mathematici, Vates,
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.
Queis cælum creditur magis notum,
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum
Qui illud tam se putant scire
Illuc ut recusent ire.
Vos, à secretis syderum —

Æm. Aufer te ocyus mathematicè, nam
adeft Bombard

Din. Opportunè; nam hæcere cœpit carmen— Scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis. [*Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

*Bombardomachides.**Bom. Amylio.**Am. Hem!**Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? Amylio, rursus voce non parca tona.**Am. Et ego rursus tona. Hem tibi.**Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.**Am. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herclè viatico usus est.**Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.**Am. Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.**Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares, Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet.**Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?**Am. Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.**Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)**Quique evocavit nubibus ficcis aquas, Egitque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit.**Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris Et Solem & Astra vidit.**Am. Orationem compendiface; scio quid sequitur, Et vetitum mare tetigisti ursæ, Temporum flexæ vices, &c.**Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.**Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrebit suâ.**Am. Prohibessint Superi, cave ne committas tandem,**Ut malè dictitetur tibi in sermone publico, Si cum istarum operarum homine negotiorum contrahas.**Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.**Am. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere: Ubi is est?**Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest:**Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit — Claves mihi.**Am. Quamobrem?**Bom. Illis ictu noster hic cardo strepet;**Ædelq; viset — Verba compescas miser, Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.**Am. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique!**Itane tantum facinus tam insigniter in te admittere?**Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Conftet æstus unda, & Ionio leges Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherri-**mè Dixisti: I præ, sequor, subsequor te.**Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo consilium placet.**Am. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina**Quam nequiter expetivit!*

Scena Tertia.

*Dinon.**O Dinon audistin' nos nullos esse?**Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.**Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriæ Encomium canere.**Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem! Scientia talis**Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille**Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeò Cacodæmones?**Am. Modo.**Din. Modo?**Am. Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis.**Din. Sed enim quid de Captivis?**Am. Manta modò: isthuc ibam.**Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mihi in mentem fuit.**Abi sanè, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.**Din. Nempe in quem finem?**Am. Illic (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.**Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimu'st.**Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam ingentem facient,**Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentis pecuniæ.**Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.**Din. Quid si literas?**Am. Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum satis.**Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?**Din.*

Din. Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoniam aut aliquid ejusmodi?
Am. Omnes jam illas technas despicias habent ac nihili
 Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisitum eat,
 Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta sit futura.
Din. Quid tandem?
Am. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt
 Faceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant viam;
 Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum malunt,
 Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt, nam meherclè sunt ridiculi;
 Eâdem hâc scabie laborat *Gelasimus*, ut qui maxime.
Din. Vis Itaque illos profiteri *Jocandi* Artem?
Am. Tenes.
Din. At enim commovere risum nequeunt, nisi deridendos se propinent.
Am. Recte: hoc est joculari nunc dierum, præterea quis est qui nequit
 In cognatione verborum, & sympathiâ quâdam ludere?
 Quot vocabula ad suturem pertinent, quasi destinata hujusmodi salibus?
 Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philosophum?
 Ars Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis scala,
 Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæsare.
 Celarent, Ferio, Festino, sic tollo, Dictum simpliciter,
 Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem, Reduplicavè, &c.
 Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminorum hic usus optimus est.
 Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non esse scriptos seriò.
 Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,
 Toftatus, Suaresius, Naso, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.
Bom. Amylio. [intus.]
Am. Me vocat, illicò. Quid dixi? oh! est aliud genus salis.
 Deridere omnes mortales: parata sint (nam vacua pudet esse pugillaria)
 Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed hi joci consistunt plurimum
 In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum, & induendo joculari faciem.
 Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est, si attrectant benè,

Aliquando etiam jurent ornamentis gratiâ, sed Dii boni!
 (Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos
 Qui domi facitent, aliquos qui eant petendum foras,
 Ex Conviviis, Disputationibus, Comædiis, Concionibus.
 Aliquos etiam qui excubant, nam venales habere debent
 Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generosos jocos.
 Hæc & similia doce illos, abi sis; fac officium; sed audin?
 Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se conjiciant. Quo ego jam faciam.
Din. Effectum dabo; *Jocandi* artem? ha, ha, ha! O miram rem! *Scientia talis*
Dicenda est sola Liberalis. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius.

Cal. p. Itane obstinatè operam das facere me adversum omnia?
 Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensq; eram imperio Patris.
 In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam lucro.
 Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere,
 Cui, tantum dotis dictum est?
Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?
Cal. p. Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodie Pater?
Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infaustâ hâc luce adornari nuptias.
Cal. p. Perit, religiosus est; jamne patrisillas *Calliphanes*.
 Pudet tui, pigetque.
Cal. f. At ægrotus sum, non valeo, pater.
Cal. p. Imò non ægrotus jam, sed malè habes *Calliphanes*.
 Si animus ibi esset — & quidni sit?
Cal. f. Præterea —
Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?
Cal. f. Nihil est parati; solitudo in ædibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?
Cal. p. Nempe id de industriâ: volumus isthoc sine tumultu peragi.
 Ut ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamq; in nullam rem utiles.
 Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantunculæ? quasi tu nequeas
 Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine auxilio fidicinis.
 Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu nostro, tacitè agite.

Nisi

Nisi fortè *Æmylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.

Cal. f. *Ægle*? maxime.

Cal. p. Abi modò, atq. morem mihi gere.

Cal. f. Quid si nonvult pater?

Cal. p. Nequicquam nonvult; ita illam intus admonuit pater.

Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis——

Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias

Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum! [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, *Psecas*.

Pf. Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc

De novâ Scholâ? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam:

Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere

Quid in jocos possint, sentient quæ mulier siem.

Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.

Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum *Damone*.

Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

Æm. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit,

Aut Concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

Pf. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ita lepidè loqueris.

Derideri me facilè patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?

Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

Æm. Si me necesse est hercle hoc pacto remunerarier,

Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus;

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?

Pf. Equidem cupio; etsi infelix non sum, Diis gratias.

Æm. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendeas,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

Pf. Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam insistas viam.

Æm. *Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos

Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent, Merus stipes, huncce hominem admutilari pervelim.

Itaque hodie inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.

Pf. Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ! mecastor facinus lepidum!

Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,

Multoque tum liberius amare licet quempiam

Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,

Aut ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

Pf. Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroïna nobilis

Æquum est oblectare memet illò more *Aulico*.

Æmylio, Tum me vises aliquando, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

Æm. Sed properato opu' est.

Para te ocyus; ego te producam illuc.

Psecas, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis.

Pf. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne fies?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te *Æmylio*, captare poteram: abi. Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.

Quiescas cætera.

Æm. Imò non metuo, ut sis satis mala; Te magistram queram mihi, unquam si defecero.

Pf. Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò [*Exit Æm.*]

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio.

Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet, Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. [*Exit.*]

Scena Sexta.

Gnomicus, *Gelasimus*, *Morion*.
(*Schola aperitur.*)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium *Coryphæus* (Quo verbo ipse usus est) De Orat. secundo libro,

Quem oculis mei plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;

Erravit ; Ciceronem semper ego existima-
mavi hominem.

Gel. Pishi ! Cicero salem non habuit ;
quisquamne de tot vocabulis
Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam
faceret jocum ?

Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc
quod est diei —

Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum : & le-
pores herclè hujusmodi

Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos
habemus plurimos.

O Dii boni ! jocum pulcherimum exscrip-
simus in Tullium

Qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis di-
ctus est proximæ Academiæ.

Legam vobis — [*ascendit in cathed.*]

Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Cice-
ronem nostrum,

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

Gel. Quid hoc ? oh — Jocus magnus in
Prætoris oppidani cornua — novi —

[*querit paginam.*]
Jocus in militem malè vestitum — An
ostenderunt terga ? — oh —

Hic exemptus est ex meis pugillaribus — &
certè magnus est — hum !

Quid hoc ? Ex declamationibus publicis
nono die Novembris unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci & tres egregiæ sententiæ.

Oh ! memini — Joci sacri
Et pia Hilaria — nunquam hæc vendemus —

Oh — jam inveni — Jocus magnus in
Ciceronem.

Gn. Lege ; arrectisque auribus as-
to.

Gel. (*legit.*) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
Abeat nunc in Tullianū, & potest converti
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum —

Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

Mor. Tutor hoc tuum est verbum.

Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.

Gn. Optimè ! nam est locus in carcere,
quod Tullianum appellatur.

Mor. Ha ! ha, hæ !

Gel. Quid rides ?

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ : Abeat in Tullianum ?
ha, ha.

Gel. Hoc dictum in utramque partem ac-
cipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego
Obiter facetus sum ; audin' Tutor ? *Mori-*
on scribe isthoc.

Mor. Maxime.

Gn. Hem ! suntne in mundo omnia ?

Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum : Ibi iterum :
Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

Mor. Joc : jo — jocus — Estne *Ge-*
lasime cum, g, o, vel cum i, o ?

Gel. cum i, o : Scripsistin' ?

Mor. Ita credo.

Gel. Repete : *Mor.* Dexter est
Ambo — joci. *Gel.* O scelus ! est jocus
ambidexter, cedo calamum.

Mor. Maximè : in idem redit. Scripti
valdè benè Tutor.

Gn. Immò : insanum bene, ut Comice
loquar : Ibi ego *Gelasime* —

Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gra-
vitate meâ detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his re-
gionibus.

In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,
Dormiant, capite annuunt & ille Judicia-
lis jocus est.

Generosi joci solvunt Creditoribus.
Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.

Joco jurant, joco fallunt : rem agunt divi-
nam joco.

Pænè dixi, vivunt joco : tantū jocantur serio.

Gn. Atque ego ita faciam : si canimus
sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Gel. *Morion*, vidi ecqui licitatores propè
sint : an prospectus est sterilis ?

Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci,
quis emit novos jocos ?

Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò ?
hic dies scelestus est

(*Ut utar Comici phrase*) dividendis joci.

Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos : ita
supercilium salit.

Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè,
Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucri facere ?

Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos
jocos.

In Papam *Johannam*, quos missuram aie-
bat sese

Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pasto-
rem in Angliâ,

Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus &
Coronâ triplici.

Gno. Quanti emit ?

Gel. Unis drachmis in jocos singulos.
Sed corollarii loco voluit sibi unum dari.

Demi — jocum in *Bellarminum* : itaque
dedi, Mentiris *Bellarmine*.

Gno. Benè habet : Capram cælestem o-
rientem conspeximus

Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roter-
damo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud ?

Gel. Præstinavit etiam Justiciarius qui-
dam quatuor jocos,

In honorem Legis ; & sex ingeniosas sen-
tentias.

Quas in cenâ dicturu' est, cum vicinos quo-
tannis accipit

Clientum alitibus. Venit post illa Jesuita ali-
quis.

(Quantum conjecturam capio, nam orna-
tus erat basilicum in modum)

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi
facerem

Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter
Lutherum & Diabolum.

Omitto reliquos—

Mor Pax? st! adest emptor: quid vis
tibi Domine
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

Scena Septima.

Juvenis Academicus.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archididasca-
lum hujus scholæ.

Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis
emere tibi.

Ac. Quis est Archididascalus?

Mor. Ego sum *Morion*.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego possum joci aliquando.

Gel. *Morion*, exscribe sis

Hanc paginam.

Mor. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam
interimere.

Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Co-
ram, quem quæritis, adsum

Trojus Æneas.

Ac. Si Æneas tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

Gno. Non: sed loquor cum Poetâ: is
sum, quid venisti loquere.

Ac. Muneris nostri est moderari inter
disputantes in scholis publicis.

Gno. O? Agonotheta es, ἀγώνιστῃς &
ἡδύμω nam sic docti vocant.

Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam li-
benter dabo

Mercedem, quantam alii solent; eodem
qui officio functi sunt.

Gel. Rectè: nam si argumenta non po-
tes, solvenda est pecunia.

Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis ocyùs.

Mor. Dii te perdant,

Credo te joci solitum fuisse in utero
Matris,

Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut faceffas in
scribendo negotium.

Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo
sis loco.

Ingeniosus esse non des nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum?

Ac. Nullum equidem præter, satisfecisti
officio tuo.

Mor. A—r—ar—a—rui—O
jam habeo—

Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philoso-
phicorum salium?

Gel. Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de

jocis Philosophicis.
Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus est?

Mor. Quæ hæc mulier est? quid vis?

Mu. Tune es Magister Scholæ?

Mor. Ego sum: Ego: quid tua? Ma-
gister? maximè.

Mu. Recede quæso; est tibi quod in
aurem dicam. Nupta sum, si placet,
Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro,
Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit,
& Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & im-
puri oris Viro, [clara voce.]

Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem
dicis mihi?

Non, non: quid si dolus hîc latet?

Gno. *Mulier*, adi sis propiùs.

Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abstineo quin
plaudam—accipe sis pecuniam.

[plaudit manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent hu-
meris.

Gn. Cujus generis facetias vis?

Mul. Omnium, si placet, generum.

Gn. *Morion*, cedò Pia hilaria, nunquam
hæc vendemus aliter.

Mul. Non multa, si placet, pia.

Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico.
Vin' etiam jocos generosos?

Mu. Quoscunque tibi visum' st.

Gn. At aliqui lascivi sunt.

Mul. Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui.
Indica, fac pretium:

Gn. Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò
quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est
virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,
Sex solidis feres.

Mu. Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

Mor. Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mi-
hi dabis. [osculatur] Exit.

Ac. Profectò, si unquam te in Acade-
miâ uspiam viderim,

Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cer-
visiâ primariâ.

Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Oratio-
nis componas mihi.

Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mi-
hi facile effluit.

Morion, adesdum, scribe, quæ loquor; pa-
ratus es?

Ac. Sed ità componas oro, ut eadem con-
futatione hæc, Respondeam aliis Orati-
onibus.

Gel.

Gel. Omnibus, si vis.
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus,
 ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti
 itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ —
Mor. Quid? vest — vestibulum — de-
 lectaris credo vocabulis
 Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.
Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed pro-
 fecto ingenuè fateor me
 Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.
 Dixisti porrò —
 Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philoso-
 phico —
Ac. Quid si non dicit?
Gel. Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam
 omittet Mare Philosophicum —
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres — ha!
 Quid ais Juvenis?
Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius
 pulchrè.
Gel. Dixisti etiam quod — & tum in-
 terponas illius verba.
Ac. Quæso tu id facias; non possum
 quicquam interponere.
Gel. Benè habet: non est opus; perge
 ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ
 dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum Ac-
 cingas te ad disputandum, scripsistin'
Morion?
Mor. Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic —
 & tum te accingas ad disputandum.
 [legit.]
Gel. Pish; non oportuit scriptum —
 & tum te accingas.
Mor. Non? significatum hoc oportuit
 mihi — sed delebo tamen.
Ac. Nihil suprà: O si repetere possim
 cum ingeniolo tono.
Gel. Id facillimum est; audies Morio-
 nem, *Morion*, procede in medium.
 Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.
Mor. Tun' me docuisti? non; ego na-
 turâ sic loquor.
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus
 ad aliqua tibi
 Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in
 vest — vestibulo Orationis.
 Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto
 ego ingenuè fateor,
 Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus,
 dixisti porrò aliquid
 De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nun-
 quam quisquam.
Gel. Quid? scripsistin' id? dele, in-
 quam ocyùs.
Mor. Quid? non est jocus? delebon'
 ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis —
 [delet.]
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena —

Gel. Quid? venena?
Mor. Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?
Gel. Pish! Veneres.
Mor. Veneres? benè in idem redit? —
 Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt,
 Itaque sic —
Ac. Legit pol facetissimè: qui datur,
 tanti indica.
Gel. Non cara'st auro contrà; sed soli-
 do tibi destino.
Mor. Non, non: ponam ego precium
 illi, quia repetebam benè.
 Viden' has vestes, jocularès nimio nimis?
 Dabis mihi subligacula.
Ac. Hem tibi solidum — adest pere-
 grinus —
 Valetè; confutabo nunc omnes homines,
 quibuscum loquor. [Exit.]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides.

Gno. Adest alius:
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena la-
 boris?
Bom. Heus! ecquid istâ venditis jocos
 scholâ?
 Effare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.
Gno. Dicis vera quidem, veri sed gra-
 viora fide.
 Ut Ovidius in Tribus, quem librum
 composuit
 Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.
 Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic
 nomen.
Bom. Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens
 scelus!
 Dum terra cælum media libratum feret,
 Nitidusque certas mundus evolvit vices,
 Numerusque arenis deerit, haud nomen
 meum
 Latebit ullos.
Gno. Hic homo (quantum video) non-
 dum Virgilium legit.
 Nam eandem rem cum poeta quanto dix-
 isset melius.
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus
 umbræ
 Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sydera
 pascet,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque
 manebunt.
Mor. Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem
 me præstabo.
 Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisne
 novos jocos?
Bom. Ain' carnufex?
Mor. Nihil, profecto nihil.

Mecum ipse loqui soleo ; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hostium turmas jocose Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum ; Minasque quisquis numerat, inveniet duas. *[ostendit pecun.]*

Mor. Ha ! ha ! habeo ! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tuillianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, si dicas modò

Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he !

Gel. Ecquid pestis te tenet in Cicero-nem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facile potest ; annon

Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur ?

Possum ego joculari satis in loco, diis gratias.

Cel. Hem tibi sales militares !

Gno. *Alexander*, seu *Pellæus* juvenis

Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ

Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit, Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit ? pecuniam ? Respondes facetissime, Tergum vel Pœnas dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,

Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. *[Exit.]*

Gel. *Ædipol* nã commodè processimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingeniosi omnes sumus.

Gno. Sævis inter se convenit urfis, ut Vir omni literarum genere cultissimus.

Gel. Hei ! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua estis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha ! multorum capitum ! ha ! ha ! redite post prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus quæso ad prandium.

Gno. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta, Ludit permittis sobria Musa jocis.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Calliphanes Filius, Eucomissa.

Cal. F. O Me hominem inveniustum !
Eu. O infortunatam me puellulam !

Cal. F. Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur superi, quam amemus eligunt, quâcum vivamus Patres ?

Eu. Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in animos superi ?

Cal. Adest *Eucomissa*, aliquid ei dicerem, sed quid dicam nescio.

Eucomissa——

Eu. Quid ?

Cal. Ne valeam, si verbum de nuptiis

O *Eucomissa*——

Eu. Quid ? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

Cal. Egon' ? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocasti autem ?

Cal. Immo tantum est, Salva sis !

Et—aliud certè volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

Eu. Adest, sed in pauca conferas.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego——

Eu. Exordia *Calliphanes* ? quasi docilis reddenda sim & benevola ?

Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Valè. *[Exit.]*

Eu. Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale

Nã ego infelix puella, tam suavem quæ amasium nacta sum !

Intemperiæ hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magis,

Qui huic me hodiè nuptum territo daret.

O *Æmylio*,

[Callipha. redit.]

Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

Cal. *Eucomissa*, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin' molestus tandem ? quæso te ut sanus fies.

Cal. Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & simul sapere,

Ne

Ne deos quidem penes est, sed Eucomissa;
hodiè?

Eu. Ajunt.

Cal. Quid pater?

Eu. Jubet, instat, urget.

Cal. si hodiè nuptura es mihi, cras me
efferes.

Eu. Falsus es; nam si nubam hodiè, ho-
diè moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithala-
mii loco.

Eu. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fun-
getur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum isthocdictum nunc de-
mum places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libentè penè in
uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promit-
tat tua,

Quæ tum, cum negat, suavis est!

Eu. Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,
Cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omni dulcior contentio!

Eu. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

Cal. Sic suâ Turtures molliores Venere,
Et murmurant, & gement, & queruntur
invicem.

Sed questus inter, gemitum, & murmur,
amant.

Eu. Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat
auribus,

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantes agitur,
Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

Cal. Per Venerem, Eucomissa, liberalis
es; si daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam.
At cætera, sponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri-
mos est.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contemplar faci-
em, si quicquam supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut ef-
fundat aciem.

Cincinnati vinciendis animis nati tibi.

Modestus genarum color, & qualem aliæ
A verecundiâ mutantur, genasque æmu-
lantur labia,

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas ser-
punt, Vin'te Eucomissa mihi in Uxorem
dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomissa, loquere.
Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.
Nisi dura, & difficilis maneas, me interficis.
Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum
dedi,

Uxorem, nisi *Æglen* —

Eu. *Æglen*, *Calliphanes*?

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam
volui dicere.

Eu. Afficiam te hodiè *Calliphanes*, nuncio
lætabili, Si *Æglen* deperis, mutuum
tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam
me conjicere. Men' *Ægle*?

Eu. Oculis plus, inquani, suis.

Cal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O
Eucomissa,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam ex-
osculer,

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci meritò
maximam.

Eu. Accersas *Æglen*, rem tibi Autho-
rem dabo.

Consilium unà capiemus, intereà tempo-
ris, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud est cum me —

Eu. Pish, supersecede istis verbis, abi.

Cal. Abeo — sed *Eucomissa* — benè: abeo.
[Exit]

Scena Secunda.

Æmylio, *Eucomissa*.

Æm. *Ædipol* næ hæc machina successio
lepidè sub manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem
utilia.

Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ
præ manu

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo aperuerunt
Scholam.

Eu. Ha! adest, amorem meum non est
uti celem amplius. *Æmylio*, adestum,
paucis te volo.

Æm. *Eucomissa*, salve.

Eu. *Æmylio*, hodiè nuptura sum.

Æm. Dii vortant benè.

Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti
nuptiis prodat dies.

Estne hoc miserum?

Æm. Enimverò nihil prolixius.

Nam eo citius virginem exues.

Eu. Sed fac *Æmylio*,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter
adeò faceres?

De improvviso duceres?

Æm. Utinan faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

Eu. Mecastor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat
Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

Æm. Quid? si esset centies pater,

Glacomam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne
quod videt, videat.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodiè mihi
nubere?

Eu.

Eu. Volo.

Am. Lepidè partes tuas agis: sed da mihi firmatam fidem.

Eu. Do testem Venerem.

Am. Et Martem ego tibi

Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio,

O festivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi seriò uxor es.

De suavium alterum.

Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

Am. Osculandi paulam faciam, si os non placet,

Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.

Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi joco

Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?

Mecastor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluseris. Unde isthæc confidentia' est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?

Servitutem servire te memineras captum manu.

Am. At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familiâ.

Eu. Linguam comprime, Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjicis.

Am. Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.

Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,

Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem:

Eu. Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.

Quid si revocem? *Amylio* redi, quid præter morem ita

Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali consulis Quæ jucundè dicta sunt? credin' me locutam seriò?

Am. Non, non, seriò? neque posse foeminam arbitror.

Eu. Cape sis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.

Si memoriâ nos exsidimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.

Am. Annulum? maxime, sed jamne locuta es seriò?

En. O *Amylio*, si nosceres—& quidni noscas tamen?

Am. Quidni? quia non sum Oedipus: præter annulum nil intelligo.

Eu. Adeone tardus es? facis haud consuetudine.

Quin, vultum legas, legas & suspiria, Hanc ipsum legas annulum; sat loquor tacita.

Am. Legam herclè lubentissimus — ob — cum annulo

Quid est? *Eucomissa*, verbum non vult legi.

Oh efficiam ut velit. Cum annulo animus.

Eu. Ineptus es; res alias si sic agis, Vale.

Quid dixi? immo Vale, sed ne abeas tamen.

Am. Hum! sic est profectò: nam si memini benè

Concinnâ facie sum; staturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.

Experiar quid sit: *Eucomissa*, advorte animum.

O *Eucomissa*, diu te amavi perditæ.

Eu. Ha!

Am. Usque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.

Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim, In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa*, loquere.

Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam misera?

Mene? similitatem non revereris Patris? Sed mitto Patrem —

Am. Missam hanc facito modestiam. Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.

Eu. Maritum? ha? quid si id cupiam maxime?

Cupiâ? non, nolo. *Amylio*: habes brevissimè. Quid respondes?

Am. Me esse infelicem: Vale.

Eu. Non, non, manta sis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.

O *Amylio*, tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.

Am. Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dii ament,

Apud me non sum; sed mittamus isthæc, adsunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphanes, Egle, Eucomissa, Amylio.

Cal. Beasti me; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.

Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo.

Eucomissa—Amylio,—Divorum vitam adepti sumus.

Am. Quid soror? tunc *Calliphanem* amas?

Æg. Me ipsam minus.

Eu. Frustrâ adhuc sumus; quid Patri respondebimus?

Cal. Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptis fallaciam *Amylio*?

Am. Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.

Eu. At siquid potes *Amylio*.

Am.

Am. An hodiè te uxorem commissurus est *Calliphani*?

Eu. Ità.

Am. Dic te velle.

Eu. Ah *Amylio*, tam subito animum A nobis segregas?

Am. Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.

Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus est dies.

Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.

Nam *Egle* tuam vicem, cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.

Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.

Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret

Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.

Eu. Nullum vidi melius.

Cal. Abeamus *Egle*. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quarta.

Gnomicus, *Gelasimus*, *Morion*, *Academicus secundus*.

Gno. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyus, nam adest peregrinus.

Titubarque pede pes, densusque Viro Vir.

Aca. Tune es Magister Scholæ?

Mor. Hei! Magister! nemo homo

Me quærit uspiam; his vestibis nimium lateo.

Aca. Professor jocosum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturus publicè.

Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem,

Opemque in hac re experisset, & consilium vestrum.

Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.

Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius: meus frater est.

Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.

Gno. Quanquam te Jocator Frater anum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academia, abundare oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos, (ut videmus) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in trasitu; sæpiusculè excurro Oratoriè.

Gel. Præ re isthac rem prævortam nullam, Sed equos ipse fecit sales?

Aca. Collegit aliquos;

Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.

Fortè an duos tresve demi—jocos.

Gel. *Morion*, porrige schedulam

Illam mihi jocosum Tripodalium; nam in Angliâ patria nostrâ,

Jocosum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!

Aca. An isti concinnè, in quæstionem ejus cadent?

Gel. Equè herclè concinnè, in quæstionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.

Hoc habeat probè in exordii loco, dein Quæstio autem

Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse Terminos,

Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat secum atque ingratis,

Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque est salutatio

Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet

Medicinæ, Legisque Professores & Doctores omnes præcipuè,

Abque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit.

Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nullane hæc Comœdia

Agitur circiter hoc temporis.

Acad. Immò verò hodiè.

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,

Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proximâ Hebdomade jugulabitur.

Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic inveniet,

Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthac Comœdias.

Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.

Gel. St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet.

Fabula (intellextin?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exit *Aca.*]

Scena Quinta.

Amylio (alio ornatu) *Psecas*, *Gnom.* *Gel.* *Mor.*

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?

Edipol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.

Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum diutius,

Ita lauta est; nimio nimi' modestus sum his vestibis.

Am. Jam para te *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis dabis.

Ps.

Pf. Pish, aliud cura, magnificè tracta-
bo isthunc Asinum;
O Venus! hæccine est illa schola? lepidus
mecastor locus est.
Semper ego facetias amavi multum, &
nutrix mihi
Dicere solita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis
metuo,
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es ni-
mium.
Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa,
Dii boni!
Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!
Æm. Pish, perge ad rem.
Pf. Quam sæpe res nihili otiosè hæreat
in memoriâ?
O Diana! quam mihi tunc dierum pro ci-
bo fuit jocularier?
Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego nar-
rare fabulas,
Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos
solvere,
Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum arti-
um magi princeps extitit.
Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem ni-
miò,
Nam communicabimus inter nosmet face-
tias invicem,
Opem meam (satis scio) non habebit
despicatui.
Ubi est?
Gn. Coram, quem quæritis, adsum
Trojus *Æneas*, necesse habeo novam de
hâc re sententiam quærere.
Pf. *O Musas!* studuisti arti Musicæ:
illud ex Virgilio
Accepisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi.
Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest
Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè
Mediocrates.
Gn. Mediocribus esse poetis.
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere
Columnæ.
Gel. Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis:
quod ego
Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo upum
concinnare adeo joculum.
Hum! ficcin? Oh! tandem ad meipsum
redeo.
O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore ru-
bescunt solo,
Et tum —
Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherimè! si or-
natus essem ex meis virtutibus.
Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam
faciem.
Æm. Tun' solus hic regnum possides?
ubi, si placet, cæteri?
Gn. St! *Gelasime.*

Gel. Maximè — Pallet Luna, & se vi-
ctum confitetur —
Statim vobis adero — nec sidera —
hum! isthoc non placet.
Ceciderunt plane sidera, Ceciderunt; ha,
ha, ut nescienti mihi
Effluxit istic jocus?
Gn. Hem *Morion*, ubi es?
Mor. St! ego non adsum.
Æm. Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præ-
sentem negat?
Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.
Mor. Per Deos non adsum,
Ut catè delusi homines! illi hic me esse
nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!
Gn. An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu'st? id
est, an delirat?
Cesson' illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè
loquar?
Morion, adesto. [Educat.]
Æm. Ha, ha! ut stat! reclamante Phi-
losophiâ
Negarem hunc esse rationalem, nisi quia
risibilem video.
Gn. Humanum est errare: erras pro-
fectò hospes,
Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acu-
tissime observat Simplicius.
Pf. Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol
quam modestus est!
Mor. Me laudat.
Gel. Euge! jam habeo.
Mor. Hercle audacter alloquar.
Salve tu, *O* cujus genis rosæ invident, &
pudore rubescunt solo.
Gel. *O* mastigiam! quæ mea est Ora-
tio, occupat præloqui,
Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amato-
rias sententias!
Gno. Perge *Morion*.
Mor. Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.
Gno. Adeidum *Gelasime*. Hic est joca-
tor ille, Cui meliori luto finxit præ-
cordia Titan.
Pf. Mecastor liberalis est: salve mul-
tùm, te unum ex omnibus
Festivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te
huc venimus visere.
Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc
mihi Laudem non arrogem.
Gel. Sideri equidem cujus sub auspicio
natu' sum, minorem gratiam habeo,
Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me
perspexerunt modò.
Ha, ha! optimè loquor semper de impro-
viso;
Quod signum est boni ingenii, proculdubiò
hæc mea'st,
Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?
Æm.

Æm. Factione summâ, & divitiis pol-
lens.

Bombardomachidis filia' est strenuissimi ducis.

Gel. Nimiò nimi' novi ego istum *Bom-
bardomachidem*.

(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tantò me-
liu'st.

Æm. Ecquis homo tantum stultix in
se possedit uspiam?

Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet,
heus! auditi'st?

Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ità de istis
artibus,

Dabo equidem sponfionem, me vos unum
singulos

Redacturum modò jocis meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem
quis plus possiet.

Pf. Vide quid agas prius. Ego ab hujus
parte stabo.

Gel. A meâ? nescio unde hoc fit, multò
sum beatior

Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vo-
cem audiunt,

Continuò me amant perditè. O Superi!
gratias ago,

Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule,
Quoniam ità vis vitâ interfici, ascende hanc
sellulam.

Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

Mor. Benè herclè facis; ego obsecunda-
bo tibi in loco,

Abi audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Æm. Esto tu moderator.

Gno. Agonotheta ero, ἀγωνοτῆς & τίς μου
nam sic docti vocant. Tu oppones

Morion

Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus medita-
bor mecum.

Gen. Antequam illam nosti?

Mor. Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singula-
ris ego.

Pf. Discrucior animi, quod mos non pa-
titur,

Disputare scæminas publicè: vellem hos
Opponentes mihi.

Gn. Ascendat Jocator:

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philoso-
phos post multos labores sese recreare
solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem
hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimiû
intentus citò frangitur; habent sua
Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum
Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando pa-
tet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus
es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam

plus modestia tua, quam ingenium ap-
pareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam inge-
nium non ferent, & observa semper
cum Poetâ, Parcere personis, dicere
de vitiis.

Æm. Orationem tuam —

Gn. Nolo pati istam impudentiam, con-
feras te ad provinciam tuam.

Æm. Sapienter quidem facis, quòd ora-
tionem tuam non vis repeti.

Gn. Autoritate mihi ab Apolline com-
missâ, jubeo te acquiescere.

Pf. Ha, ha, hæ! utinam ista mihi au-
thoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Æm. Non datur ars jocandi — Inci-
piam à postremo

Termino Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hil-
larii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita
facere.

Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res
talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari
propriè & simpliciter, sed hinc sensus
verbi jam antiquatus est: alii verò im-
propriè & secundum quid, ut Gradus
in Academiâ, & in Collegiis —

Gn. Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid
velis.

Æm. Sed, ne erretis in hac re, dicam
vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non,
primum omnium dabitur mihi — si
placeo — Manus vestras — sin mi-
nus — Veniam. Dabitur Aulico no-
va juramenta, nam fregit omnia ve-
tera. Ad Cælum enim ire ne cogitat
quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse
tonsores & sutores vestiarios, itaque
nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum
aliquando dixit Deo, se ejus servum
esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit
Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque
similior illius Creditorû Civium. Se-
cundò dabitur Puritanis verba; jam
enim illis silentiû indicitur, siquando
autem privatim prædicent, dabitur au-
res vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Da-
bitur Academiis —

Gn. Nolo istud dici: ne quos ridere hic
oportuit.

Erubescant aliqui: satisfecisti officio tuo.
Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in
loco meo

Extrâ unum novi, qui respondit nugis hu-
jusce modi.

Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputatio-
nem in alium

Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas
tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc or-
na.

Gel. Faciam, sed numera jocos meos, dum respondeam.

Gno. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numera hoc *Gelasime*,

Oblecro, auditores ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis,

Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocos.

Am. Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profectò condonabimus.

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hac culpâ liber es.

Gn. Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.

Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,

Est magnus jocus.

Am. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.

Gel. Pish! annon ludo in reduplicati-
one quæ Dare?

Gn. Est certè dimidia pars joci.

Am. Oh! ille fortassè credidit,
Dimidium plus toto esse.

Gel. Dii, Dæque, Superi, Inferi,
Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram

Numera *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.

Am. Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,

Si furaris, ego quæ dico.

Pf. Summi est ingeni,

Si facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.

Ibi ego etiam: pudet sanè me mutam stare
Inter tot jocantes.

Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo:
Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Maccedonicus* —

Am. Quin pergis?

Gel. Quia jam te oportet dicere,
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?

Am. Quid si nolim dicere?

Tun' me coges?

Gel. Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocarier?

Am. Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac foeminâ nobili
Ignominiosè taceas.

Gel. Et ego sic respondeo:

Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel poenas dedit.

Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc —
Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum!
nam ars jocandi est

Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam
Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Am. Caru' est hic jocus, nam tribus ab
hinc petitur milliaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audiui, textum cum perdiderit,

(Ut sæpè fit) per tot circulos illū quæreret.
Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa dare.

Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; sed nimium rusticè,

Iterum *Gnomice*; ob rusticitatem illum derideo,

Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & rusticè.

Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,

Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera

Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

Gn. Satisfecisti officio tuo: ascendat *Morion*.

Mor. Ità facio; quæso ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.

Am. Hei! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Consequentia

Inter earum partes.

Mor. An vestes meæ tibi nocent?

Am. Ità sane me terrebant modò, cum hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui sim.

Qui cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio:

In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis laudibus, sed

Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.

Am. Egon' de tuis laudibus?

Meritò pol me confutare possis, si habuissem tale quid.

Mor. Pish! ego hoc suppono — itaque nunc pergo, numera, *Gnomice*.

Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico.

Am. Quid? de mari Philosophico?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.

Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum.

Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non? tum hæc tua culpa' est *Gelasime*.

Annon

Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam
omittet Mare Philosophicum?

Am. Ha, ha, hæ!

Mor. Ecquid me rident?

Gno. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego satis
feci officio meo.

Cetera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt: Et sic
defino.

Gno. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes di-
mitto laudibus,

Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

Pf. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos om-
nes processistis hodie,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ.
Doctissime Moderator vale, Dii tibi dent

quæ expetis.

Gno. Et longum formosa vale, vale in-
quit Iola.

Pf. Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum,
nam de arte isthac est tibi

Quod sola soli dicam.

Gel. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum Diis magis debeo, quod me tam
lepidum fecerint!

Pf. *Amylio*, i præ, pish, omitte istas ce-
remonias.

Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum joca-
tus hodie.

Gno. At ego intus me recipiam, bene ho-
die fecimus. [Exeunt.]

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Ca-
pellæ. [Exit.]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Amylio, Dinon.

Am. PRO certon' habes advenisse Po-
lyporum?

Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum est.
Nisi fallant oculi.

Am. Mirum est ni fallant aliquando si
sint tui,

Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi
astutia es.

Sed ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus
visus est,

Ex quo argentum cudimus? ha! numquid
est tractabilis?

Utinam accepisset literas.

Din. Accepit jam in portu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

Am. Quis istud nosti?

Din. Ut vidi, suspenso gradu ibam, ad-
stabam, comprimebam animam,
Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermo-
nem hoc captavi modo.

Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut ac-
cipiamus hominem,

Hic esto; cum rogitabit, ubi habet *Bom-
bardomachides*?

Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.

Am. At militi claves reddidi.

Din. Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quam
obrem illas possis repetere.

Abi modo: sed enim captivis quid facie-
mus? absunt perincommodè.

Am. Oh! dicam *Poliporo* tempus nunc
non esse ut illos videat,

Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt
hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc
mihi onerasti diem!

Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*.

Din. O, mi suavissime *Amylio* abeamus.
[Exeunt.]

Scena Secunda.

Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.

Pf. Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes
res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt
Principes,

Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris
compotes,

Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi
minu' gaudeam

De pollentia tua (nam & ipse in mea patria
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ
nuptiæ

Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.

Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur
semine

Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria,

Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maxi-
mus.

Pf. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

Gel. Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco
X 2 Heli-

Heliconis aquam luxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti
 Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear
 Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ
 fluunt,
 Quam Epigrammata aut Satyri, nam festi-
 vissimè
 (Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.
Pf. O Musas omnes!
 Quam undiquaq; sententiis tuis intermiscēs
 facetias!
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin' ? at
 peperci ego dicere,
 De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos
 intelligeres.
Pf. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimici-
 tiis caperem
 Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingeni-
 um tuum.
Mor. Colloquuntur familiariter, metuo
 ne præripiat mihi
 Illius animum, namq; amo illam plus vino
 & saccaro.
 Et nisi me amet mutuò, abeat sane in lo-
 cum
 In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.
Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,
 Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis ma-
 trimonium.
Morion, abi tu domum.
Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;
 Tam ego disputabam hodie, quam tu, pub-
 licitûs.
 Et confutavi hominem.
Pf. Exemplis pessimis
 Ludicator istum fruticem nisi hinc pro-
 perè avolet.
 Oh superas! occidi, mortua sum! Pater
 huc venit, nos quæritans,
 Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omni-
 bus.
Mor. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere *Bom-
 bardomachidem*.
 Nimiò nimis ferox est, joculari mecum noluit
 modò.
Gel. Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam
 mare est mortuum.
 Ibi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimo me,
 quin jocer.
 Nullumne hic latibulum est?
Mor. Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,
 In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere po-
 teram,
 Ecquem hic habes caseum? nam muris in-
 star optimè
 In illo delitescerem.
Gel. Non, non, falsus es, *Morion*,
 Nam tunc excedere latebras tuas. Ut illum
 derideo.

Hoc tanto in periculo!
Pf. Hei mihi! est intus dolium —
 Ut contollit gradium! ut oculi virent ira-
 cundiâ! —
 Illic si vis temet occultare.
Mor. Dolium? cedò sis, bona scemina:
 Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exem-
 plum sumere.
 Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi
 quam citissimè.
Pf. Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam *Ge-
 lasime*. [*Ex. Pf. & Mor.*]
Mor. Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium?
 magnifica pol domus est.
Gel. Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepi-
 tum militis,
 Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex
 Macedonicus.
 Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hic, quasi ef-
 sem mortuus;
 Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum. [*recumb.*]
Pfecas intrat.
Pf. Ha, ha, he!
Gel. Oh! adest!
Pf. *Gelasime*, surge, ne metuas malum.
Gel. Profectò, *Bombardomachides*, non
 duxi tuam filiam,
 Neque unquam volui.
Pf. Quid?
Gel. Non: quæso, ne me jugules,
 Memineris obsecro, jocosum Militarium,
 quos feci tibi,
 Quin effeci insuper, Iambi ut incedant pe-
 de.
Pf. O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adspice
 ad me *Gelasime*, Pater non adest.
Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus?
 obsecro an venit?
Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito
 hoc feci adeo.
 Ut nobis sine *Morione* arbitro fierent nu-
 ptia.
Gel. Ha! scio hoc equidem, & ego etiam
 per industriam [*surgit.*]
 Dissimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed,
 numnam in vado sumus? —
 Annon dissimulabam lepidè? — certè ali-
 quid audio —
 Non venit spero.
Pf. Ne time; sed festinato opus' est,
 Ne tandem fortasse seriò nos pater oppri-
 mat.
Gel. Vera dicis; properemus mea Musa,
 mea Urania.
 Ut te amo, mea Polyhymnie, mea Melpo-
 mene! [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio (ornatus militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Æm. Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua.

Pol. Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam insignis duellicâ?

Æm. Periphrasim veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium cepisti meum.

Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Pol. Huc itaque eâ gratiâ veni tibi, Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim, Oro igitur me absolvas quam primum poteris,

Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.

Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros, Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

Æm. Nunc aliqui me expectent reges: cras redeas licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti annus est.

Bom. Oculisne claves obviam sunt tuis? [Intus.]

Cal. p. Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [Intus.]

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenerit.

Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis.

Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

Bombard. frangit fores.

Æm. Occisissimi sumus Dinon; Heus! quis est ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Æmylio, Dinon, Poliporus, Bombard. Servi.

Bom. Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos

Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambicé,

Ita validè timeo.

Cal. p. Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeò?

Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

Æm. Dinon, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum,

Representari salus nostra non aliter potest.

Din. Ne desponde animum, pulchrè homines vorfabimus.

Cal. p. Nihil adhuc video—hum—Leopardus, rediit, ipse est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

Din. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

Pol. Quænam hæc deliramenta? suntne atrâ bile perciti?

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνάστα, κάταντα, πέραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

Æm. Φευκτὰ δεικνόντων ἐδάξεται φίλα κινήτων.

Pol. Quicquid sit, aut hi homines insaniunt validè, Aut aliquid nostri subest, quâ fugere infestam viâ?

Bom. Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò, oh!

Pol. Men' quæris? obsecro, Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso,

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνάστα κάταντα,

Æm. πέραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

Cal. p. Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones,

Quia ad nuptias injustitiâ meâ coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic stare loci.

Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum.

Pol. Proculdubiò istud somnium est.

Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

Bom. Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illico.

Bom. Immò non timeo, video profectò nihil.

Cal. p. Nihil? cæcus est *Bombardomachides*? accipe sis specularia.

[*Bombard. manus extendens fortè tiaram Æmylionis dejicit*

Æm. Πολυρροισέοιο θαλάσσης.

Bom. Oh!

Æm. O Dinon, acta res est: emergere hinc non potest.

Bom. Servulne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona: Jaculare flammæ, lumen ereptum polo Fulminibus exple—— jam possum iterum Iambicé.

Cal. p. Proh Deos! ficcin' te servus pro delectamento usu'st?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun'

Tun' (scelus) pro arbitrio nos terres senes?

Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

Cal. p. Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.

Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.

Bom. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.

Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens

Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos

Imago cædis errat.

Din. O! dii te perdant *Amylio*.

Am. Quin, quod ferendum est feramus æquo animo,

Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol. Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.

Heus; estne miles hic *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Men' ergo nescis? Ipse *Bombardomachides* sum (in versu sequenti.)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.

Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Literas tuas

Quas in portu accepi modò.

Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?

Amylio scripsit istud: O ingens scelus!

Incertus, atrox, mente non sanâ feror

Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?

[*Verbera Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*]

Din. Oh! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? *Dinonem* servum?

Hem! *Dinon*! quid hic agis? ubi filius meu' st?

Din. *Amylio*, quid faciam in his angustiis? confitebor omnia.

Am. Suspende te, si vis: Dii iratis natu' sum.

Cal. p. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fabricam.

Articulatim te concidit hic servus tuus.

Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,

Heus *Lorarii*! quis intus est? *Lorarii* inquam!

Pol. Immò depositâ veste se verberibus impleant invicem.

Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut lubitum' st nobis.

Bom. Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò. Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet.

[*Ingrad. Lorarii.*]

Am. Strenuum me præbebo hominem; scapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia est. *Dinon*, bono animo es.

Din. Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam sentio.

Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid evenit

In lucro deputabo esse.

Bom. Audin' serve?

Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[*Exit servus & redit cum flagellis.*]

Cal. p. Interea quod est temporis, tu de me illis diploides.

Ha! statuat verberat, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio? [ponunt diploid.]

Am. Aliud cura, Carnutex; non possum ego hoc exuere! [ad *Lorarium*.]

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem! Scientia talis,

Dicenda est sola liberalis.

Satin' *Amylio* fortiter?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.

Cal. p. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyus.

Nisi pœnas de se strenuè sumant invicem.

Quasi incudem cadas illos: ac pugnis oneres.

Din. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.

Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.

Am. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es. tibi herclè locum cedò.

Cal. p. Ludunt herclè; heus *Lorarii*, facite ut pugni in malis hæreant.

Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem; nil operâ opus tuâ est. [ad *Lorarium*.]

Annon *Dinon* satis idoneus visu' st, qui me verberet?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

[*Se vicibus flagellant.*]

Din. Meus Pilades!

Am. Orestes meus!

Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi sat methodus placet,

Tam similis est bello.

Cal. p. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jum, quidvis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus & *Gelasimo*?

Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argumentum effecimus.

Am.

Am. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?
 Me multò decent magis.
Pol. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia; animum advorti te nam fabula lepidissima' est, Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Am. Dem vestes Morionis panis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hìc habuimus.
Din. Dein Scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorlarem' insuper.
Din. Dein Spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.
Bom. Egone vana ut Spectra timerem scelus!
 Adesse vel jam dæmonum turbam velim.
Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Am. Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientum id fecisti gratiâ.
 Stultus est Commune Bonum.
Cal. P. Obstupesco! ita hæc res mira' est.
Din. Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Amyllo*,
 Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.
Eucomissa —
Am. *Dinon*! ô scelestum caput!
 [flagellat.]
Bom. Muttiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis.
Din. *Amylioni* nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant feliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit aurem: ferte me insanae procul,
 Illo procellæ ferte, quo ferter dies
 Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostendet mihi,
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia
 Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus.
 [Exit *Bombard.*]
Am. Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc durum in corde est mihi,
 Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit,
 Præterquam, quod carendum est illa, nil adhuc doleo.
Cal. P. Si esset mea, omnem de illâ animum
 Ejicerem Patris, & alienarum miseram à familiâ
 Si filius meus ad hunc modum — sed non-vult, aut si cuperet maximè,
 Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.
Din. Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus' est.

Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,
 Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam iussisti sedulò,
Eglen hodie duxit.
Cal. P. *Eglen*? non potest fieri.
 Non, non, non audet: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.
 Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatietur foras. [Exit.]
Am. Quicumque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
 Orare ut fies, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,
 Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre
 Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,
 Popularis tuus sum.
Pol. Meus?
Am. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.
Pol. Quî istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?
Am. Fortunæ ædipol, vitio, nam prognatus patre
 Mercatore sum dirissimo, sed sic fors tulit
 Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.
Pol. Hei mihi!
Am. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.
Pol. Quia miseras mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
 Nam filiolum ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdidit.
 Ubi capti estis?
Am. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater.
 Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.
Pol. Quodnam erat navi signum?
Am. Castor & Pollux.
Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus plusque convenit.
 Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,
 Omnium, qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.
 Quot annis abhinc?
Am. Mense proximo erunt octodecim.
Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.
 Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.
 Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiolem faciet.

Scena Quinta.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Eglen.
Cal. P. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,
 Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius oblaturabere.
Eg.

Ag. Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,
In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.

Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innoxius,
Per Deos mea est.

Cal. F. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,
Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquius.
Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,
Nisi sit molestum.

Bom. Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

Eu. O *Amylio*! huncce in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Am. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos testor,
Si unâ hâc nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo.

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,
Nè ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes sita est mea.

Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pulchre.

Inseparate Fili, salve,
Cum hic te conspicio; quam superat mihi
Atque abundat lætitiâ pectus ubi soror tua est?

Am. Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! amœnitates quantas
Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, h! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior?

Age miles, face te lubentem filia nuptiis.

Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo senex,

Quoniâmq; natam duxit, ut ducat volo.
Am. Audin' *Eucomissa*? iterum mihi natus videor.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Amylio*.

Cal. p. Quam suo mihi hic sermone arexit aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misère deperis,

Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Amylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum inveni-

Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

Am. Fœneratò hanc mihi operam locasti, *Dinon*,

Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sumptibus.

Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Am. Meruisti herculè;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberâsti strenue!

Din. Meruisti herculè. Ego vel iterum, mi *Amylio*,

Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defessus verberando fierem.

Am. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion*, meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum vosmet infortunatus perdidisti;

Ne prorsus viderer ortus, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morion*.

Scena Sexta.

Gelasimus, Psecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum*, amicum *Morionis* mei?

Gelasime salve.

Gel. O *Polypore* salve: nescis quam beatus ego sum!

Ubi est *Bombardomachides*?

Pf. illic; non vides?

Gel. Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides*, ad quem me insinuavi callidè.

Pf. Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet?

Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus*, hic flexo poplite

Ut sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

Bom. Ex ore quid vedit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

Gel. Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,

Quia joculari semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò.

Detrahe velum, mea Musa: hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

Om.

Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Pf. Immò ne admiremini,
 Ego nuph isti Afino, sed præceptis meis,
 Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene.
Eucornissa salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum
 ordinis,
 Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & ca-
 piemus consilium,
 Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si no-
 lint nobis.
Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse?
Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum
 hic dixi jocum.
Am. *Gelasime*, da hoc etiam pugillari-
 bus tuis.
 Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non.
 Feb.
Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ
 sit, satis novi.
 Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?
 Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.
 Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.
Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam.
 quæso bona scemina. [*intus*]
Am. Ha! quid hoc?
Pf. Inter tot nuptias
 Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio.
 [*Exit.*]
Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam
 miras res.
 Nullâ me vidisse unquam in Comœdiâ
 memini.
 Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scena Septima.

Pfecas, Morion in dolio.

Pf. Hem! vobis vinum meum!
Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum.
 [*in dol.*] [*Exit.*]
 Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus
 me recipiam. [*ingred. iterum.*]
Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, *Mori-*
on, ut ego te derideo!
Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô,
 pater, tun' hic aderas?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.
 Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthac ne me
 Patrem vocites.
 Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio
 sustuli.
Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in
 his vestibus.
 Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelasi-*
um.
 Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non
 jam estis liberi.
 Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem
 tuum,
 Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam trans-
 misimus.

Scena Octava.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò eve-
 nerunt hodiè,
 Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Mo-*
riion,
 Mundum omnem jocularem colligite, nam
 in Angliam mecum redibitis,
 Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus
 Scholam.
 Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplu-
 rimi.
Mor. Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne
 sis amplius mihi.
 Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polyperi* natu
 Maximus.
Gn. Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos
 homines quasi pilas habent.
Cal. p. Intereà ad me omnes introite ad
 prandium,
 Frugaliter vos accipiam.
Gn. Consilium placet.
 Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores ad-
 sient
 Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valete, & plau-
 dite.
 Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata bibe-
 runt,
 Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

EPILOGUS.

Habet ; peracta est fabula ; nil restat denique :
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat mutuo
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,
Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gromaticus, Vir admirabilis,
Fam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

*Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia
ab Auctore A. COWLEY conscripta, quæ ne deper-
dantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.*

De felici partu Reginae Mariae.

DUm more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchúsque Cerésque ministrant,
Et risum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.

Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria;
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.
Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, & in methodo te peperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (& notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd simus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.
Cumque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva & mollis imago
Non minùs in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

Ob paciferum Serenissimi Regis CAROLI è Scotia reditum.

ERgò redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæq; ingens laurea pacis adest.
Vicerunt alii bellis & Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
Te sequitur volucris mitis Victoria penna,
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Nascentem, & Delo plus licuisse dolent.
Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat.
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustrea Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,
Horrentesque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Calisto in vetitum potius descenderet æquor,
Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.
Convenisse feris inter se noverat Urfis,
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine & Angli
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.
Sic gladios solvit vaginis Fulgur in ipsis;
Effectûque potest vix prius ire suo.
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert subitam, quæ volat ipse, diem.
Nil illi prodest stellarum Exercitus ingens;
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

F I N I S.